Fair Facts



1921



From the Observatory

FAIR FACTS

1920-1921



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STUDENTS OF FAIRFAX HALL

BASIC, VIRGINIA

Foreword

No effort is wasted that is prompted by an honest purpose and aim, or by a sense of duty. Our works, whether great or small, are factors in the Great Scheme of things, and no matter how little the thought pleases us, we cannot, if we would, have everything which we attempt be one grand and glorious success.

"Not failure, but low aim, is a crime."

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To

Our President and friend

John Noble Maxwell

this volume is respectfully
dedicated



MISS KATHRYN BATCHELDER

Our Principal



THE FACULTY

Administration

John Noble Maxwell ..... *President*

Kathryne Chase Batchelder ..... *Principal*

Frances May Maxwell ..... *Hostess*

Mrs. Charlotte Shumway ..... *Mathematics and Science*

Phyllis E. Crawford ..... *English*

Virginia Holt ..... *Latin and French*

Alice G. Raymond ..... *Piano, Harmony, History of Music*

Eila Erwin Perrin ..... *Voice*

Martin George Manch ..... *Violin*

Wenonah D. Bell ..... *Art*

Dorothy B. Mitchell ..... *Expression; Physical Culture*

Ruby Saunders ..... *Home Economics*

Frances May Maxwell ..... *Shorthand, Typewriting, and Business Methods*

Mrs. Ella W. Ferguson ..... *Matron*

Lillie E. Baber ..... *Assistant Matron*

The Faculty


MITCHELL


BATCHELDER


HOLT


"THE THREE"


MITCHELL


MAXWELL


SAUNDERS


BABEY


CRAWFORD

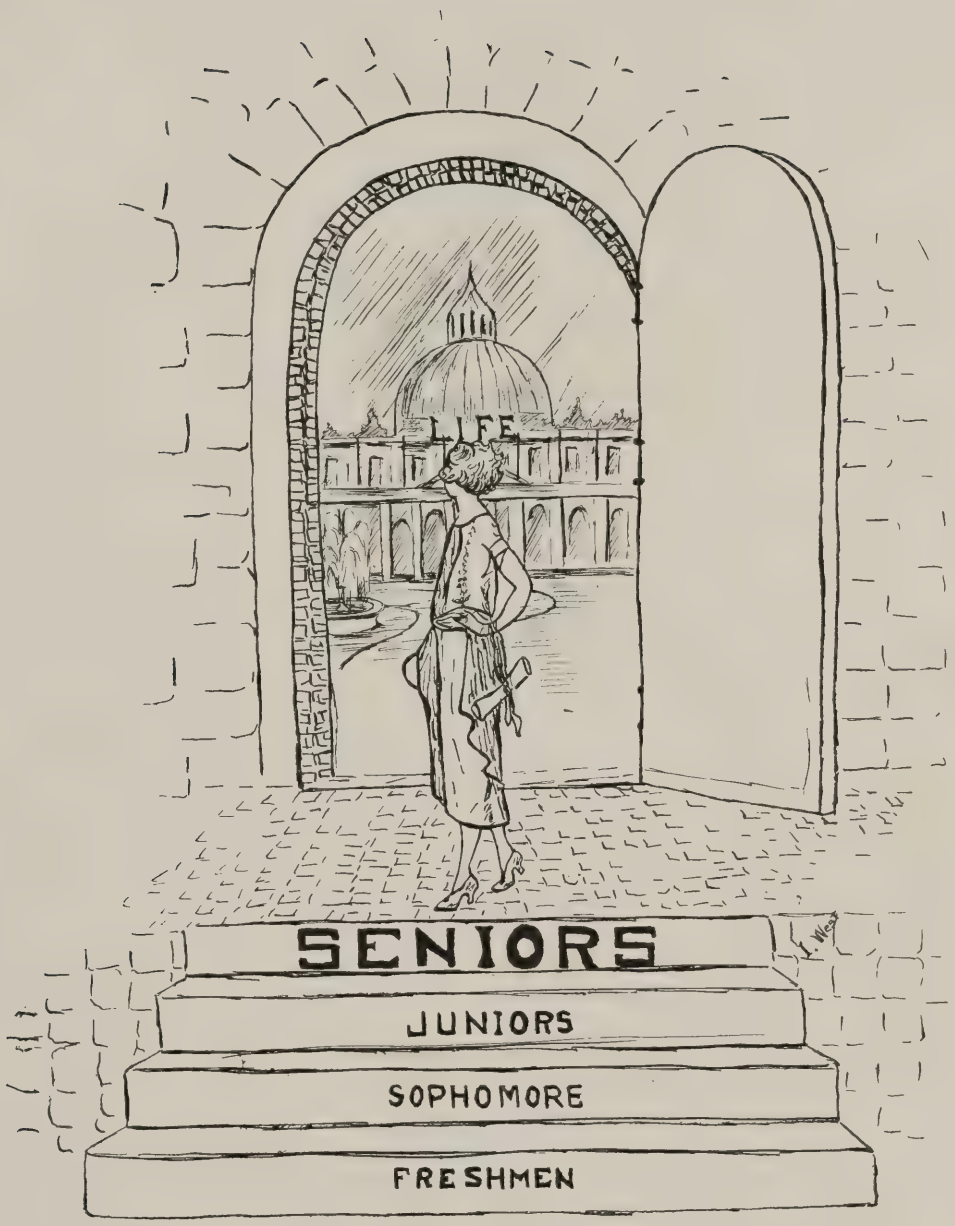

FURGUSON


BABEY


MITCHELL



SENIOR MASCOT


LIFE
SENIORS
JUNIORS
SOPHOMORE
FRESHMEN



FRANCES FAGAN

"Fran"

WEBSTER GROVE, MO.

President of Dramatic Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Senior Tennis Team; Sigma Delta; Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class.



Behold the Lady of Mystery! Whom many love but few understand! Come, girls—take a look at her! No charges, but she's worth them, nevertheless! She's a blonde, but oh, those brunette qualities! Vampish, mysterious, beautiful, and—oh, well, everything that so many of us would like to be, but so few are!

Fran won additional fame when the "Prince Chap" was given by the Dramatic Club of Fairfax Hall. As the "Earl of Huntington," with her "Now, Old Deah," and "Aw, Really," she was great.

We won't predict her future. It would be too great a task—for you must all remember *she is* "The Lady of Mystery."



DAISY MORGAN

NEW YORK CITY

Y. W. C. A.

"Aw El——nor!" How often have we waked up to that tuneful cry uttered by Daisy? It is begun early in the morning and only ended when an imperative voice yells at night, "Girls, keep quiet!" Then and then only does Daisy cease.



She says that she's to be a dancer, and we hope she gets her desire. We really think there is some hope, since all that keeps her off the stage is the manager. Oh, she can *vamp* her way by him, so guess she'll get there!

She has had quite a bit of experience as "scrub" woman. The M-L-D's saw to that at her initiation. She'll be a success tho' in either field.



EMMY PORTMAN

"Crush"

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Worry will never kill Emmy—not if she can help it. "Why worry?" is her slogan (we may add also, "Why Work?") There is only one thing that will make Emmy work, and that one "thing" is "K." Now, ask no questions as to who "K" is—she's Emmy's exclusive property. If it hadn't been for her, "Crush" would never have gotten such a name.

Several honors were flying around loose, so Emmy "copped" them. She is the Assistant Business Manager of Fair Facts; a member of E. T. E.; Advisory Council; Senior Tennis Team; Y. W. C. A.—and CRUSH!





ALICE VOKE

"Brat"

COLUMBUS, OHIO

President of Senior Class; Local Editor of FAIR FACTS; *Basket Ball Team; Track Team; Senior Tennis Team; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet*

"Oh, Brat, come here, I can't make this dress fit," or "Brat, do this." Such cries are heard all day long at Fairfax. She is the M. L. D. "mother," and incidentally a very competent one. "To every one is given a talent," or using the old saying, "every dog is good for something," but to Brat has been given *many* talents. Her greatest ones, tho', lie in the field of Arts. She is a genius with paints and brushes, and a wizard at writing poetry. All this can easily be seen by looking thru this book. There are two sides to "Brat." The wrong side and the right side. Boys, beware of the former if you value your life!



She has such appeals from the A. M. A. "Keydets for their dances until she is just all up in the air, but there is a certain one over there who will—? Let's don't tell everything.



HELEN SCHOENE

"Schoene"

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Delta Delta; Y. W. C. A.



Time—First Monday in October, 1920.

Place—Fairfax Hall.

Scene—Girls talking excitedly.

"O-o—did you know that Helen Schoene is going to dance tonight? Such were the exclamations and circumstances that first brought Helen under public notice. She has been in the "limelight ever since for various reasons. One because she is an acknowledged "vamp"—wears her clothes like a queen, and in "femine diolect" is "just precious," except when she loses her temper, which is rather frequent—"Just move away if your life is really worth anything."

She, like Daisy Morgan, is planning to be a dancer. We really think she'll get there, because—Oh, well, you won't understand unless you know her! Better find her out if you don't. She's worth it! *Guaranteed!*



JO HART

"Red"

HARTSVILLE, S. C.

Editor-in-Chief of Fair Facts; *Member of Advisory Council; Sigma Phi; Senior Class Historian; Senior Class Lawyer; Basket Ball Team; Senior Tennis Team; Track Team.*

Now, imagine having to live up to the reputation of being the most capable, most original, most optimistic, most patronizing, and having the most executive ability of any girl in school! Well, Jo Hart does it, and doesn't even have to work to do it, either. Pesso—uh—persa—personality! That's what she posessses which causes her to have every one as quiet as death when she makes a talk or announcement in chapel.

One never knows just what mood she is likely to be in. All seriousness one moment, the next laughter. She's dignity itself around school—(usually) but—poor men. They go wild, simply wild over her, yet it's a known fact that she cares for no one. "Jo, why will you string 'em all so?" She usually rolls her eyes at you and answers, "Heavens, I didn't tell the idiots to *believe* me. I can't help it if they haven't any better sense." And there you are. Jo Hart is a queer combination of seriousness and frivolity. Just a bit cynical and indifference personified.



She will be married in several years to a millionaire (Prophecy).

Senior Class Poem

(Tune of "Fair One.")

Fairfax Hall, you know we love you
Fairfax Hall we'll ne'er forget you
Thru this year of work and pleasure
Fairfax we're always for you,
Loyal, kind, and true,
With this motto we believe that
You're the best school we ever knew.

—A. V.

Senior Class History



ON'T Waste Your Time" is the slogan by which the Senior Class of 1921 at Fairfax Hall has lived. Of course at times probably it has been a bit difficult to differentiate between hours wasted and hours profitably spent. But we hold by virtue of unanimous assent and the right of conquest, the doubtful honor of being immune from any suspicion concerning the ease with which we have maintained our high school standing.

If one would be a high and mighty Senior, there is no choice between work and waste. To become a Senior means work; to stay one means more work in its every aspect.

But then effort is never wasted, for with what a thrill of pride we shall each shall each receive our diploma on graduation day.

We are far from being the largest class at Fairfax Hall, but then we always did believe in quality in preference to quantity. There is no other class which has gathered in as many school honors. We have every cause to be proud. With the unusual amount of pep, brains and talent which we possess, we have made ourselves felt—in classes, in athletics, socially, and otherwise.

We, the small group of aspiring young seniors known to the outside world as the Class of 1921, have added a new luster to the fair history of our school. Outside of that, as they say in common parlance, "They are Some Class!"

—Historian.

Prophecy of the Senior Class



ELL me, little Ouija, what the future holds for me," sang six great seniors of Fairfax Hall at a meeting of the senior class. It was the last meeting of the illustrious class held in the observatory; each girl had a ouija board in her lap, as she sat on the stairs or perched on the banisters. These were the girls who in a few days would be cast on the billowy and frothy deeps of life.

We began with our honorable Jo Hart, the Editor-in-Chief of Fair Facts. "Here, Jo, let's ask Ouija about your future—and then ask what the fates hold in store for me." This from our illustrious class president, "Brat" or Alice Voke. Then Jo sat down opposite Brat and started singing to the tune of "Tell Me, Little Gypsy"—"Ouija, little Ouija, what does the future hold for me?" This is what Ouija prophesied to our dear Jo.

Our "Red", pompous queen of school, would do nothing other than first vamp all the eligible men in the Southern military academies; and then, too, Jo would always have the knack of looking chic and well dressed and up to the minute in fashions, and (for, as we know, Jo is a heart-breaker,) she would pretty soon meet her millionaire husband, (the real kind) who would just give Jo what she wanted, money, cars, wonderful homes, parties galore and let Jo lead the life of idle luxury. Yes, Jo would chase from the beaten path once in a while. She would take notions to leave her millionaire husband, go to China, and begin converting heathen (another one of Jo's pet fancies). You remember, too, Jo always had a craving to go on the stage, and sure enough the stage would crave her soon. After many amateur and charity theatricals, Belasco himself would come to Jo and beg her to accept a million-dollar contract. In a sprightly moment she would join his company as leading lady, with a fictitous name. Yes, she would have to do that—it wouldn't do to implicate her dear husband's name in stage circles. After several other wanderings, such as fashion designing and writing books on "Culinary Recipes," she would at last come back to her waiting husband and her home.

Our dear president, "Brat" Voke, was the next one to ask Ouija about her future. "Ouija, tell me what I have to look forward to." Ouija answered that she, the capable one, would have a brilliant future, too. Yes, of course she would marry; it would be her dear Jack, too. She would be domestic to a certain extent and take a great interest in making a lovely home for her husband and children. She wouldn't do much before she was married except continue in her work and take courses in interior decorating and household arts. Yes, Alice always would be artistic and have good taste. She would even design, plan and

decorate her own cozy home. She would have a balanced, even future, but people would not admire her less or be less proud of her. When she should become a staid married lady, she would enter into all social and political science courses and even start a club for "The Appreciation of Art in Your Family." Yes, she would do great work and would finally be elected to the "House of Fame" in Vanity Fair and would have her pictures in all the Sunday supplements of the New York Times, in appreciation of her betterment of society.

O Blows! But who is next!

Our dear little Daisy asked Ouija, with the aid of Frances Fagan, what he could do for her. Daisy will be our prima ballerina and will no doubt join the Russian Ballet and be Adolph Bolur's partner, herself. Yes, Daisy's future was already mapped out for her when she came to Fairfax Hall. Daisy would always live in New York City with her sister who would be her guiding angel, protecting her from the men who "vamp," and she would help her design her ballet costumes, etc. Daisy would make all she could of her dancing and practically live for it. She would be successful and be loved by all, and New York would flock to see her at the Winter Garden. Daisy would do our Senior Class justice enough in winning her laurels.

Then Daisy asked Ouija about Fran Fagan's future. "Ouija, Ouija, tell us Fran's future." Yes, even though Ouija was rather tired jumping about so fast on the board to tell all the spirits said, he saved a great future for Fran. She will leave school and lead the single life of luxury for a time, her hobby being raising blue-ribbon Airdales. Then of course Dwight will come along and ask Fran to marry him. She, with her usual "pomplacency," (the words of a poet fit her to a T) will calmly say, "yes." They'll live on a beautiful country place outside of Webster Grove, Missouri, and play tennis, golf, and swim together, raise blue-ribbon Airdales—having a good time all around—Yes, they'll live happily ever after, and Fran will always be the beautiful, smiling blonde.

Then Ouija, always gracious Ouija, prophesied for our dancing queen, Helen Schoene, a brilliant future, brilliant not only because of her talent, but also because she would shine brilliantly before the footlights, for Helen will lead the stage life, too. Her greatest ambition always was to be a dancer; and as the saying goes, "Where there's a will, there's a way." So Helen will study in Chicago and in New York under fine teachers and will finish in the Denishawn School. Then she'll come out via the Midnight Frolics or the Winter Garden Roof. Will the world be dazzled by our stunning Helen? Yea! and Ouija hints at Cinema, which must mean that she may eventually join the "movies." There will be many a box of candy and flowers awaiting her at the green-room door after a successful night in the Follies. It is a gay life in store for Helen, and she'll make it all it should be.

Last of all, we asked Ouija about our youngster senior, Emmie Portman, "Ouija, are you very, very tired, too very tired to tell us what the fates have in store for Emmie?" Ouija is still working madly; the letters just skim over the board. This is what Ouija prophesied: That Emmie would take a wonderful trip to Europe soon and study in Paris to become a costume designer; then come back to New York, where most of the others have eventually landed, and establish a business there. After that Emmie would have her heart's desire—her one-room house by a little brook, and it would be something new and original in architecture for which Emmie would be highly commended. Then she would fall in love with a New Yorker named ———————— !

Ouija was tired! he could say no more. Our futures were told—each one a glorious one. It was the end of a gay, joyous party with Ouija, and we said goodbye to each other, believing faithfully in Ouija and hoping all to see each other again. Ouija didn't tell us whether we would ever meet. We all hoped it though and looked forward to the great day when we could come together again and tell whether our fortunes really had come true. "Ouija, little Ouija, they're the futures held for us."

—*By the* Prophet.

Last Will and Testament of Senior Class

JO HART

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

WHEREAS this joyous, yet tearful, day has come when we can toss aside our thumb-worn books and stepping forth from our protecting boarding-school walls follow at will the beckoning finger of life and adventure, be it, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the graduating class of 1921 of Fairfax Hall, flattering ourselves on being of sane and thoughtful minds, have thought proper to make our last will and testament, separating us from all our misfortunes and responsibilities, bestowing same upon our successors, that is to say:

We, the Class of 1921, do give, devise and dispose of all our property, except that which we consider necessary for our own use and happiness, in the following manner:

We give to the Junior Class all our Senior privileges, which we had so hoped to get; our responsibilities, which we feel sure will bow down each of them, even the most frivolus ones.

To one-half of the Freshmen we can think of nothing dearer to our hearts to leave than our brilliant records in athletics and classes, hoping that they will not be jealous when we leave to the other half our unfailing success in giggling and chattering like 5-year-olds in chapel.

For the entire student body and long-suffering faculty, we have nothing of value to leave, but we can only plead that they deem it fit to erect a monument to our precious memory.

The following girls can keep quiet no longer—let them speak:

I, Frances Fagan, do hereby will and bequeath my seat in chapel to Miss Raymond, since she seems to have such an unusually hard time finding one.

To Georgia Lyons I leave my bottle of peroxide, hoping that she may find it as successful as I have.

After much thought, I have decided to will my single room to the long-suffering Elizabeth Gibson.

Lastly, to Mary Mustard, I leave my love for powdering.

I, Daisy Morgan, having just washed my hair and consequently feeling in rather an unsteady frame of mind, first will my ability to tease, to Miss Maxwell.

My bath robe I leave to Margaret Challiner, who is often demerited for lack of this necessary article of wearing apparel.

I gladly give a place in the infirmary to Mother Ferguson for odd cases such as mine was, the absence of my voice.

To the coming student body I leave my library of movie magazines, which I hope will bring great pleasure to them.

I will my love for washing hairpins to Vivian Lastinger, who will always be gratified when she puts the once short locks on top of her head and steps into grown-up-ness.

Since, I, Emmy Portmann, have decided to act sedately for a few moments, I am resolved to make a last will and testament, while in said state of mind.

To Miss Batchelder goes my convenient third-floor room.

To Georgia Lyon and Jeanette Beall my Virgil book.

To Hattie Jeffries I will my broad mouth, since she has such a small one.

To Florence Scofield, the lover of gay colors, I will my red gingham dress, hoping that she will feel as *loud* in it as I do.

Since I, Alice Voke, am afraid that dieting will kill me unexpectedly, I deem it wise to make a last will and testament.

To my partner in crime, Elizabeth Gibson, I will my mouse traps, hoping that she will be able to carry on the mouse business successfully without my aid.

My Geometry book I leave to the coming class, hoping that they will not find it as unfathomable as I have in the past eight months.

My nickname of "Brat" I will to Miss Bachtelder, hoping that she will find someone next year whom it will fit better than it does me.

The various broken slats in my bed I bequeath to "Uncle Dean" for kindling, so he may keep the newcomers in warmth and happiness during the next winter season.

I, Helen Schoene, feeling as if I were in a declining state of health, deem it wise to make my last will and testament.

First, to Mildred Primm I leave my love for F. M. S., hoping that some day she may get to Waynesboro to see them.

To Frenchy Gelofian goes my art in aesthetic dancing. Since I am willing everything of value, I bequeath my fiery temper to the Dramatic Art Club to use in future tragedies.

I, Jo Hart, being as usual in a fiery red-headed state of mind, and fearing that I will burn up some day, hereby make a will.

My invaluable pessimism I leave to the general public.

My red hair to Margaret Grove, hoping that she may be happy in acquiring same.

My love for borrowing other people's clothes I leave to Fran Richards, since she too can wear only the colors that I can.

To Georgia Lyon I will my love for college dances, for I fear she is capable of making good use of them.

To Elizabeth Gibson I leave my patience, my sweet disposition, my soft voice, my love for talking after light bell, and my adoration for snoring, knowing that without these things, she would feel lonely in the years to come.

To Eleanor Le Fever I will my beloved "Red," whom she will find in Durham, North Carolina.

To Mary Mustard I will my ex-fiancée, since she has a greater love for the simple, quiet life than I'll ever possess.

The Senior Class Of 1921. [Seal]

Witnesses:

John Noble Maxwell.
Katherine C. Batchelder.





BUSINESS SPECIALS



Business Specials

Officers

President ..... Fran Richards

Vice-President ..... Peg Ogle

Secretary and Treasurer ..... Eleanor LeFevre

Members

ANNA ALEXANDER
ELOISE BARCLAY
JULIA BERNARD
MARY FRYE
MAURINE GALE
KATHLEEN GEORGE
MARGARET GROVE
IVA HALL
MINA KIRKMAN
ELEANOR LeFEVRE
MARGARET OGLE
MARY PEALE
FRANCES RICHARDS
NELL SHRINER
CHRISTAL SOMMERS
ALICE STEWART
MARIE VAN BERG
EDNA WILLIAMS



BUSINESS SPECIALS





JUNIOR



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class History



H! how glad we were when September, 1920, found us jolly Juniors. We are, and have every reason to be proud of our accomplished class. Indeed, we are so proud that we feel it is impossible not to mention each one separately.

The first person deserving mention is Ruth Andrews, our efficient President. Although she arouses us all in the morning with "that horn o' hers," we shall leave her alive, as she "sounds taps at night."

Next, Eleanor Walker, our Vice-President, who is the cause of the general cry to the teachers, "May I go down to Eleanor Walker's room and work Algebra?"

Then, Elizabeth McKenney, our class Secretary. Whenever her name is called, we immediately think of a typical school girl with "Mary Pickford" hair.

Anne Campbell, who holds a most important office, Treasurer, hails from a *little* town called Augusta, Georgia. Although we have never been there, we *hear* it is a wild, but long-drawn-out place.

One whom we shall never forget, is Eleanor Astin, who, after many fainting spells, at last collapsed with a "pain in her side," and, very much to our sorrow, went home.

Our minds now turn to Georgia Lyon and Emma Starr, sitting on the back row in English class, exceedingly interested in a thrilling conversation, while Miss Crawford quietly opens her "Dooms Day Book," and with her "Eversharp" pencil, marks off one by one in case her memory fails.

Geneva Kenney, whom we all note by her marked objections to long hair, drifted about until she finally decided that she belonged to the Junior Class.

For a concise summing up of the "happenings of the day," we have only to go to Helen Martin, our "Bureau of Information," who looks us up and looks us down, until we have ceased to wonder at the marvel.

As for myself, well ******** (Other people think as much of you as you think of yourself.) Nuff said!

Now we feel sure that our class will yield many musicians, accomplished business women, and college presidents. The Senior Class of this year has been great, but we show the promise of being even greater. Selah!

HISTORIAN.





FRESHMEN



FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman Class

Officers

President ..... Ellen Lawrence

Secretary ..... Vivian Lastinger

Treasurer ..... Juanita Scharff

Members

MIRIAM BARKLEY

BETTY CUMMINGS

JULIA LEE ORME

MARGARET CHALLINOR

FLORENCE FITZGERALD

The Campus

There is something
About the campus
That holds our memory.
It's not easy
To define.
Long years ago,
In September,
We saw it when it was green,
And fair.
Since then we
Have seen
And admired it
When it flashed
Myriad points of
Crystalline light
From every branch and twig.
Our hearts cried out
When branches snapped
Beneath the burden
Of their jewels.
For then we knew
We loved the trees—
Particularly the four
Dignified pines.
We have
Laughed at it,
When the grass grew brown
And sere,
And stray cattle
Roamed at will,
Sapping its vitality.
We have loved it
And frolicked on it
When the snow hid it from sight.
And at night,
With the clean-cut stars
Looking down from
The blue-black sky,
And the yellow lights
Of Waynesboro
And of Basic City
Twinkling—
We have loved the campus.
There is something
About the campus
That grips our memory.


SPECIAL EDITION
SPECIAL EDITION
SPECIAL EDITION
SPECIAL EDITION
SPECIAL EDITION
SPECIAL SIZE
WARRANTED
TO HOLD
37
GALS.


Special
Train
FAIRFAX
I. West

SPECIALS



SPECIAL CLASS



Special Class

Officers

President .....ELIZABETH GIBSON
Vice-President ...LUCILLE HEATLEY
Secretary .....MILDRED REINISCH
Treasurer .....LAURA ROBERTSON

Members

EDITH BISHOP
MARTHA BOYD
LILLA CARMICHAEL
KATHERINE CRUMLEY
JULIA FARGO
MILLICENT FRALLEY
KATHERINE GELOFIAN
ELIZABETH GIBSON
LOUISE GRAVES
LUCILLE HEATLEY
FLORENCE HEINZELMAN
HARRIET JEFFRIES
GENEVA KENNEY
GLADYS KNOX
LILLIAN LEWELLEN
ALICE MAGRUDER
CHRISTINE McKINNEY
MARY MUSTARD
MILDRED PRIMM
ALF PRYOR
HELEN PRYOR
VIRGINIA REED
MILDRED REINISCH
LAURA ROBERTSON
HELEN SCHOENE
FLORENCE SCOFIELD
LAURA STEELE
GRACE STAFFORD
MARGARET THOMPSON
LILLIE WOELPPER
ISABEL WEST
RUTH WEST
JUNE ZILLES
LAURA DE LAMARTER
KITTY TRAVIS
GRACE TUCKER
PHOEBE COOK
ELEANOR WRIGHT

Concerning the Air

SOMEWHERE in the thicket nearby a bird was carrying on a busy conversation with himself as he hunted for fat, white grubs. The little, brown stream caught eagerly at each word and babbled it in a steady monotone to some friendly stones gathered at the water's edge. The long, supple figure of the boy stirred slowly, as he streteched himself more flatly to the earth. The stream held his eyes in a sort of fascinated daze. He watched the tiny particles of yellow sand whirl and dance against the smooth, green-brown rocks; he watched a tiny brown trout hold himself perfectly still, as the water flowed around him, by a slight quiver of his tail; he watched a brown leaf turn around and around, as it floated along; and all the while he was listening for something. Finally he realized that he had been hearing it for a long while—he couldn't tell how long. A steady, low buzzing that drifted down from the clouds. With one smooth, lazy movement, he turned himself over, so that he lay on his back, right hand shading his eyes, watching.

He looked very handsome as he lay there. His whole figure blended with the surroundings, yet he instinctively drew the attention of every living object. A chipmunk regarded him intently with one beady black eye, and presently seemed to form a satisfactory opinion of him, for it never even chattered as it climbed back up the tree. Perhaps it approved of him, but certainly not so much as another pair of eyes, equally large and black, but by no means beady, that watched him from the shelter of a thick little spruce that grew near the edge of the brook. Valerie had very distinct ideas of her own about the kind of man she liked, and for the first time she had found someone who fitted in every detail. She liked men who looked well in whatever they wore, and she had already decided several things about the one before her. In the first place, he was good-looking, and she *adored* that shade of red hair. She decided his eyes were either gray or brown, it didn't matter much which. He had such a nice chin—very firm and strong; and a mouth that made her think of her brother's—it looked so boyish. He was tall and well built——

"He must be very strong, and he certainly ought to be a marvelous dancer. I wonder what he's watching for?" she thought to herself.

Then she saw. High up above, a plane had just come into sight. The figure before her stiffened, and an expression of intense longing crept over his face. His lips moved—by and by she could hear what he was saying:

"————once before I die. I can't live without it. God knows it will be worse than death to go back to the office. If I had realized, I would have ended things before I came back, but that's such a cheap way to finish. Reckon I'm man enough to sit in till the last, even if my luck has changed, but I'd give my life

to fly again." Then he smiled whimsically. "Any way, I'll get as high as possible, for a civvy."

He sprang to his feet and walked toward a huge pine, on the bank above. The lowest limbs were several feet above his reach, but he hugged the trunk in a more-than-affectionate clasp and started up. It thrilled the girl to see the beautiful way his muscles responded to his will. He swung himself up, hand over hand, until he reached the swaying, feathery top. Then, holding on with one hand, he rested, watching the high-circling plane. In a few minutes it was gone, but still he stood there, looking strangely at home. The weather-beaten tint of his gray-blue shirt and khaki trousers mixed harmoniously with the soft dark blur of the pine, and he appeared perfectly comfortable, half-sitting on a slight limb that bent under his weight. As he was about to start down, he heard a laugh, as musical as the chortle of the brook. Startled, he looked down. Standing in the pool he had just left, an entrancing figure looked up at him. A girl, in a green linen middy and dark silk knickers stood there, watching. In one hand she carried a pair of brown sandals, with her stockings stuffed into the toes, and over her slender arm hung a green skirt soaking wet. Her short, black hair blew about her small head like a mass of fairy silk, and her great dark eyes sparkled and glowed with mischief.

"Wait up, Mr. Airman," she called, I want to come up there, too. Is it as nice as it looks?"

"Every bit, Miss Suzanna, but can you make it?"

"'Course I can. You just watch." She waded sturdily ashore, setting each small foot down with a determined splash. She sat down on the edge of the bank just long enough to put on the sandals, then she advanced resolutely to the tree. She clasped the trunk, as she had seen him do, but although she wriggled, nothing happened. Also, the bark hurt her bare legs.

"Pooh!" she panted, "it isn't *half* as small a tree as when you went up! If I want to come up, I'm *coming,* if I tear my legs to little bits."

She attacked the tree again, and this time squirmed up to where she could cling, breathless, to a knob.

"Want any help?" came a laughing call.

"Huh——(puff) *not* (uh) *much!* (Ow!) I'm doing spuh-*splendidly.*"

As if to prove it, she started up again, and this time achieved the first branch. From there on it wasn't so hard, and she was soon at the top, arriving quite red and breathless.

"Oh! Isn't it wonderful," she cried, as soon as she could speak, "some day I'm going to turn into a Peter Pan fairy, and live always and always in a tree just like this."

"You know I was just thinking that you must be a fairy. No real little girl

can climb like that nowadays," said the young man, his brown eyes sparkling.

"They are brown. I'm glad of that. And he's not so young as I thought," thought the girl.

"But I'm *not* a fairy. I'm a very material person, who likes to run away and find adventures."

"Is this an adventure?"

"The best yet! I started to find the end of that brook, and instead I found the 'highest possible, for a civvy.'" Her eyes could twinkle, too.

"Whew!" he whistled, "now I know for sure I'm gone. Talking out loud is a sure sign, isn't it? Did you hear much else?" His face was anxious.

"Not much—only enough to know that you used to fly and still want to. I can sympathize with you, too, because they won't let me up, either."

He looked his amazement.

"*You*—fly? Why, kiddie, what do you know about flying?"

"Lots and lots," she said calmly. "I've flown for three years, until Father got a sudden but violent attack of "parentitis" and decided I might be killed. I *told* him he was a little late in coming to that conclusion, but he said better late than never, and as long as I hadn't been killed in the past, he'd make it his business to see that I wasn't in the future. And it's been *three whole weeks* since I've been up, and I hate everybody, *everybody*, EVERYBODY! Darn!" After which wicked outburst, she looked relieved.

"Look here, kiddie, to you mean you actually have flown for that long? How old are you?"

"Revered grandfather, this is my nineteenth birthday, and I've run away. I'm not going back till tomorrow," (she trilled the word ecstatically), "and then maybe they'll be scared enough to let me do as I want to. Guess this'll show 'em I can take care of myself," she added vindictively. "If you'll come down stream a way, you can help me eat supper. I brought enough for four meals, instead of two, 'cause I know my own appetite. There's bacon and cocoa in a tin pail. I don't mean the bacon's in the pail," she hastened.

Don was hungry, and he didn't relish going back to his camp, when he could be with this entertaining young thing, so he accepted eagerly. They descended among a perfect hail of "Ouches" and "Ohs" and a muttered "Darn" or two. When they reached the ground, she turned to him with an impish grin.

"D'you think I'm a complainer? I'm not, but I just love to sort of grunt when I climb down trees—seems to help lots. Know what I mean?" Don thought he did. "Well, if you want to come to my hangout, you must do *everything* I say. Will you?

"Surest thing, you know, Major. I'll behave as beautifully as a buck private."

"Well, then, take off your shoes and follow me."

Without waiting for him, she stepped gaily into the water and started down. She didn't hurry, but by the time he waded in, she was out of sight around a bend. He hustled on, and caught sight of a flicker of green disappearing beyond some willows. It isn't easy to run in water almost up to your knees, but he managed to make considerable time. When he reached the willows, she was gone, and he hurried on, only to kick a perfectly innocent rock with such force that it decided to leave its comfortable bed and move several inches further on. The Army is no place to learn language fit for grandma's drawing-room, and he felt rather ashamed as he suddenly noticed that he was no longer alone.

"Don't blush—you named it well," she coolly remarked. "I haven't heard anything so good as that since the under-gardner left. He drove mules during the war."

'If I had known you were there—it's your own fault, for making me run after you—stop laughing at me! I may look funny, but——"

'Oh, you do, you do," she crowed, "you're red in the face, and your shoes are all wet, and one trouser leg has rolled down—oh! I can't stop, I can't stop it, oh, dear, oh, dear!" She turned and walked weakly away, motioning him to follow.

When he felt presentable, he passed through the willows into a small open space, surrounded by dark spruce and slender, fragrant balsam. Some big gray rocks stood in the center, and by these he saw a pile of blankets and a big basket. The girl was collecting wood under the trees, adding it to a large pile by one of the rocks.

"Can't I help?" he called cheerfully.

"Of course you can. Start a snappy fire—not too big—against that rock, will you? You can move the blankets." She came back as she spoke, carrying and armful of withered boughs.

"Won't this be corking? I'm so glad I found you. Of course I'm *never* afraid, but it's nice to have company, isn't it?" Her tone was wistful.

He agreed heartily, and they worked in silence, except for a small, whispered whistle that she seemed unconscious of. A little fire was soon crackling brilliantly, and two long, slender switches rested against the basket. Some bacon, neatly sliced, about two dozen long rolls, several apples, a tightly-sealed tin pail, eight or ten potatoes, and a large bag of marshmallows came out of the basket and were placed neatly on the grass.

"Look, Mr. Man, doesn't that look good? Let's begin—I'm famished. By the way, my name's Valerie—what's yours?"

"Don—Donald Dickinson—you're a whiz to have a basket like that. Most girls would have two bottles of olives, one of sweet pickle, some chocolate cake and about four peanut butter sandwiches. Have you salt and butter?" He decided that he approved of her *very* much. How many brothers did she have, he wondered.

Yes, and pepper, too. I always bring twice as much as I can possibly eat, and I always bring the same things, because I just *adore* them. Dick says I can fix a picnic lunch better than anyone else, and he ought to know. Dick's my brother, you know," she gravely explained.

"I'll say he knows," he was absorbed in piercing a piece of bacon with one of the switches. He handed it to her and fixed the other for himself. She toasted her bacon expertly with one hand, as she handed him a split buttered roll with the other.

"Catch the gravy when it drips. Did you put the potatoes in?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, while you were getting out the other stuff. M-M-M- but this is good! I could die comfortably after a feed like this."

"Me too,'" answered a bacony voice.

After they had demolished fourteen rolls, three-quarters of the bacon, two potatoes apiece, four cups of cocoa, two apples, and a few marshmallows, they leaned back against the rocks in utter content. Valerie made a picture Don was never to forget. Sitting in the ruddy glow of the flickering fire, her dark head tipped dreamily back against the protecting gray rock, she seemed like a picture of Queen Mab, painted by Arthur Rackham. Her big eyes tilted so quaintly, her arched brows—her small patrician nose and her soft pink mouth all looked so adorable that he caught his breath. She turned to him, and said gently:

"Would you like to tell me about things? I'm an awfully good listener, and I'd love to hear, if you don't mind having me know."

"There isn't a thing in the world I don't want you to know," he said reverently, "and I'd rather tell you than anyone I know, only I'm afraid you'll be bored. It's just the usual story of the returned soldier."

"I shouldn't be bored. Please tell me." She said it very quietly, but he felt rather ashamed of himself for having suggested it.

"Well—I've lived in New York all my life, and I've always been interested in machines. My people didn't want me to fly, but I convinced Dad that I would be perfectly safe, so he didn't make much of a fuss when he found I'd bought a plane. Of course, as soon as we got into the war, I enlisted as an airman, and I went over with our first contingent. I've been flying ever since—never hurt once, never even had a plane ruined. God, but it was wonderful! That sensation of being alone—fighting with only yourself to depend on, but with others depending on you for the information you would get—knowing that you were making a name for yourself—a name people would honor, as clean and standing for a man's best——then to come back to this." He sat perfectly still for nearly five minutes, and Valerie was wise enough not to interrupt him. "Well, now I'm back," he continued finally, "Dad wants me to give up flying and go into the office with

him—carry on the business, and all that sort of thing. But, you see, don't you, that I can't? I *can't* give up that thrill of sailing up above everything—once the sensation gets into your blood you can't get it out. *You* know." He looked expectantly at her.

"Yes, I know," she agreed soberly. "It's more than you can stand if you have to give it up. Let's think of something. We *must*. I cannot fly, and you can't either, so something must be done, musn't it, Don?" She spoke so appealingly that he would have given anything if he had been able to suggest a plan that second. They talked until she was so sleepy she couldn't keep her eyes open any longer. Then he helped spread her blankets next the rock which had been warmed by the fire. He went to the trees and collected several heavy, damp logs and brought them back with him. He piled them carefully about the fire in such a way that they would burn slowly all night. When he returned, she was curled up like a little squirrel in her nest. She looked so sweet and sleepy that as he bent over her to say good-night, something seemed to catch him by the throat.

"Good-night, Don, thank you for being so good to me," she murmured softly.

"Good-night, little sweetheart," he whispered, trembling. Then he bent and kissed her soft, pink mouth, all his newly awakened soul throbbing through his lips. For one second she lay absolutely quiet, then startled him by pressing her own lips to his in the first real kiss she had ever known.

He turned and left quickly—she did not know that he sat wrapped all night, in her woolly sweater, under the sweet-scented balsam trees. And he didn't know that she lay and thought of him far into the soft, dark-blue night. She was trying to analyze her actions, and she was finding it impossible. Many times before men had kissed her, or tried to, but she always had been furious, and had hated them afterwards. Certainly she had never kissed anyone before. Now—well, she didn't hate him and she *had* kissed him, and everything was turned upside down, and she didn't know what to do. Every time she decided to wait until morning and think it out then, she thrilled at the recollection of it. It was very late before she slept. Towards morning she began to stir, and finally opened one sleepy eye to look around. Seeing that everything was still quite dark, and the moon like a clear-cut disk of radium, still high, she decided to go back to sleep. After that she dreamed—dreamed of her brother, Dick, and of flying, high in the early rose-tipped dawn--clouds, with him. Finally she dreamed of Don—dreamed that he was bending over her, looking long and steadfastly at her closed eyes. The dream was so vivid that she smiled and murmured his name. Then she thought he reached out a strong, quiet hand and gently stroked her wild-rose cheek. Later she dreamed of a hatefully big robin, who would come and shriek, "cheer up, cheer up" in her ear, when she didn't *want* to cheer up! This dream was so vivid that she sat up indignantly, growling protest at the robin. She opened her heavy eyes

and saw that it was broad daylight, the little glade was flooded with sunshine and an impertinent bird was perched on the top of a rock near by, doing his best to insult her in pure robin. She stretched luxuriously and rolled over in her blankets. For a few minutes she lay there, perfectly relaxed, then sat slowly up. As she did so, something white fell off the blanket, and she saw it was a folded piece of paper. When she picked it up, she knew it was a note from Don. It was, and she grew very quiet as she read.

"Dear little Valerie," it began, "All night I have been dreaming of you, and trying to decide what is best to do. First, I want to apologize for acting as I did. I had no intention of doing such a thing—in fact, it never occurred to me, until I saw you curled up there; you looked so little and sweet that I couldn't have helped it if I had to be shot for it. This is more of an explanation than an apology, for I am not sorry I did it. Is man sorry to gain Heaven? For that is what you mean to me. I have known lots of girls, but I have never loved anyone as I love you. Of course, I can't tell how you feel about it. You may loathe me, for taking advantage. You are so little and young and sweet that perhaps you cannot decide. At any rate, if you do hate me, you are perfectly justified in having nothing whatever to do with me."

"But if you can understand and ever care a tiny bit, perhaps you'd write to me? I've decided that before I ask anyone to marry me, I must prove myself worthy, so I'm going into the office today, and do as Dad wishes. Perhaps some day I'll be able to fly again, but I'm going to be an 'Ace' in business before I go up again.

"It will help more than I can tell, if you will write once in a while—just to let me know you don't despise me. I shall live for your first letter. D. D.

"P. S. Address me care Dickinson & Co.,

"334 John St., New York City."

For a long time Valerie sat thinking, then she grinned entrancingly, and said aloud:

"The crazy thing! I'm too young to know my mind, am I? I'll show him, I don't—hate him, but I've no business to like him so much. I'll make us go back to the beginning and be just friends for ages, that maybe——someday——Valerie Armstrong, you're the silliest little fool that ever breathed, you behave yourself and get breakfast."

With her face vivid pink, she got up and went around to the fire. A big pile of embers glowed dully under a thin film of blue-white ashes, and she thought with satisfaction how beautifully the potatoes would roast. She put in three big ones, then built a merry little fire over them. The tin pail of cocoa was standing near by, so she set that against the flame, where it would heat slowly. Then she ran down to the stream, and going further on to a deep pool, threw off her clothes and hopped in. After paddling about for a few minutes, she climbed out, looking like a boy with his hair in a muchly-vaselined pompadour. When she was dressed she hustled back to the fire, finding the cocoa gently simmering, and the potatoes almost soft. She ate an apple while she cooked the last of the bacon, and sang little contented hummings to herself.

Just as she was finishing, she heard a car coming. She frowned childishly

and pouted a little. Then she jumped up and ran through the pines to the wood-road. As a long, low roadster came in sight, she stepped into the middle of the track, feet wide apart and right hand up, in imitation of a traffic policeman. The middle-aged man at the wheel gave a great sigh of relief and unconsciously thought what a picture she made, with her damp, curly, black hair, and mischievous face.

Street closed, Mr. Armstrong, sir. All cars parked at the curb," she called out in a gruff tone.

"Valerie, you rascal, you've frightened me nearly to death. Been out looking for you all night. Why *will* you behave like this?" he asked hopelessly.

"Well, you wouldn't let me fly, and I'm nineteen and independent and able to take care of myself, and I won't be treated like a child—I won't, I won't! Please, father, let me do what I want to. I'm old enough to know what's good for me." There was a swift change in her defiant attitude, as she saw the dark circles under his eyes, and the worried look on his face. "Oh, dearest, I am sorry I've been so bad, *please* forgive me, and come have something to eat."

She ran to the car, and jumped in, catching the dark head in both hands, to look searchingly into her father's eyes.

"You do forgive your Val, don't you, honey? Truly, I didn't mean to worry you," her voice trembled earnestly.

"Yes, dear, I will this once, but never, never do anything like this again," he was using his most commanding tone. "You must remember that it is *very* wrong to act so—and ——Val, you blessed imp, do I smell *bacon?"*

"Surest thing, you know. Squee, and baked Mickeys and cocoa—not much though, we—I drank it almost all up. Leave the car here, and come on." She danced off through the trees, and when her father reached the fire, had a slice of bacon all cooked and in a roll and a cup of steaming cocoa ready for him.

When the last crumbs had been thrown to the friendly robin, Mr. Armstrong spoke.

"Val, I suppose you think I'm still opposed to your flying, don't you?"

"Does water run up hill? Can birds talk? Did trees ever exercise their limbs? Does my father change his mind?"

"No impertinence, miss. This is the exception that proves the rule. I decided yesterday that I would give you the keys to the hangar at dinner, for a birthday present, but little girls that run off don't want to fly. They'd rather hobo around and walk, I suppose."

"They wouldn't, really they wouldn't. Please, daddy-dumplins, let me have them. I'll be careful—I'll promise to be so good if you'll only let me fly again."

"If you'll promise——here they are."

It was a thoroughly happy pair that rode home through the sweet-scented

woods. And the instant they arrived, Valerie rushed upstairs and into her beloved flying suit. She could hardly wait to get her own plane, a small French one, out again. The men ran it out for her, and in another minute the engine coughed once or twice, then buz-z-z she was off.

Up—up—up, till she looked down and saw the green earth falling away from her. There came to her then that feeling of relief and freedom that everyone who flies has experienced. She felt like a bird who had just rediscovered its wings, after they had been clipped. For hours she sailed slowly about, making her landing just in time to wash for lunch.

Her father had intended to scold her for staying so long, but when h saw her radiant face, he decided that after all she knew what she was doing, and far be it from *him* to make her unhappy!

That afternoon Valerie spent four hours over a short note, but when it was written to her satisfaction, she was very pleased with herself. Every girl knows that it isn't the easiest thing in the world to say just enough without making it too much. Valerie thought she had accomplished it. She told Don she didn't hate him, and that she wanted to be friends, and friends only. She would like to write to him—and she had News! Her father had relented, and she had been up all morning. Wasn't it glorious? Wonderful? She could hardly sit still long enough to write, and now she was going to run off for a little flight with her brother, and she was "Very sincerely, Valeria Armstrong."

Three days later she received a long and bulky letter from Don, which she read eagerly. He need not have taken her *quite* so literally, she thought. The letter was friendly enough to satisfy anybody, and she had no business to feel vaguely disappointed. Don told her that his father intended sending him to South America to learn that end of the business—which was a large importing concern—and he was going to sail almost immediately. He was so pleased she was flying again, and "write often, because a fellow's apt to get lonely down there."

They did write often after that—in fact, for six months they carried on a steady correspondence. Don was learning fast, and he had a scheme—(he was terribly mysterious about it, Valerie thought) that was the delight of his soul. Sitting in her dainty green and gray boudoir, she thrilled at his account of a trip up the Amazon. It had been made in small canoes—she could almost see the broad, mud-colored river flowing swiftly by beneath the frail canoes; the tropical riot of color on either bank; the huge red flowers that dripped from pale greyish-green creepers, white waxen blossoms appearing surprisingly; odd birds darting about uttering hideous shrieks, or sitting silently to watch the travelers go by, alligators, still and murderous, sinking like logs to the bottom, as they swept on, or rolled off some tiny island of mud at their approach. And once —oh unforgettable once—they saw a leopard, with four tiny cubs, playing in

the sand. Valerie's eyes grew big when she read that part, and her hands twisted covetously. All her life she had wanted a baby lion for a pet, and a leopard would be just as good. Then she chortled esctatically as she read how Don had explained to the Indian guide that he wanted one—and how the guide had set a trap and caught not ony one, but *three!* Don was caring for them now—she laughed aloud as she pictured his huge form and red head bent earnestly over two tiny leopard kittens, (one had escaped), trying to make them eat from a bottle! When he came, in two months now, he would bring them to her, and then he would explain his wonderful idea which, if he could only bring dad around, would revolutionize the business, and give him the kind of work he yearned for. Valerie puzzled a great deal over that mysterious scheme, thought of one crazy thing after another, and finally gave up in disgust.

She was very busy now. They were no longer in the country, but in New York, and the season was at its height. She was on the go from morning till night, and she *never* had had such a good time. Everyone was so good to her—when Don read that in one of her letters, it made him grouchy for a whole day. He'd bet they were good to her—lot of young fools with nothing to do but be good to girls. Huh! *he'd* show 'em. He sat by his camp fire every night and dreamed about her—saw her taking an early morning ride through Central Park, and going into the Zoo to get acquainted with the leopards, so she would know her babies' temperaments, when they came. He chuckled at that. It was so exactly like her. She wrote a very breathless letter to tell him of a reception she had been to where she had met a very famous French aviator, who had praised him—Don—so highly that she was sure his ears must have burned. Had they? And another time she met his father and mother, and was very enthusiastic over them. His father was precious, an old dear, (she just adored men with oodles of silvery hair) and his mother—! Her own mother had gone away when she was so young she could hardly remember her, and she supposed that was why she appreciated other folk's mothers so. She had seen her several times since—they belonged to the same chapter of the D. A. R.'s and also attended the same church. "Isn't that a coincidence?" She could hardly wait for those darling kittens—"wasn't it *wonderful* how he had tamed them?"—he looked sarcastically at several newly healed scratches, "and wouldn't he *please* bring them soon." He would, as soon as ever he could. He was just as impatient as she was. Thank Heaven he sailed that week. He couldn't stick at this place any longer.

About two weeks later the Armstrong butler announced to Valerie, in tones of deepest disapproval:

"A young gentleman, Miss Valerie, with a delivery basket, Miss Valerie, and I hope I may never hear such a squalling and spitting again, Miss Valerie.

He didn't give me his card, Miss Valerie. Shall I tell him you are out, Miss Valerie?"

But Valerie hadn't waited—she was flying down the steps and Conolly heard her cry:

"Oh, Don, are those the little leopards? I'm so glad to see you. Come in here and show them to me, *please*.

Conolly majestically descended the back staircase and told the cook that the younger generation had certainly changed, ma'am, for the worse, ma'am, he was afraid, ma'am.

But in the living room the picture presented was certainly not very different from one seen millions of times since Adam's rib first came to life. The boy and girl stood looking at each other, the kittens forgotten, until a slow red crept up Valerie's neck, then she cried quickly:

"Oh, Don, let me look! I can't wait." Her eager fingers unfastened the lid, and out tumbled two of the most adorable little animals she had ever seen. With funny, square little faces and big yellow eyes, they looked like some precious kind of cat, and they were so soft and furry that she nearly squeezed them to death.

You darlings—oh, you sweet things, I could just hug you to death, I could. Are you hungry, little leopards? Do you want your mammy to feed you? What do they eat, Don?" She was sitting on the floor, both the cubs in her lap, her face flushed and eager.

"They've just been fed, Val, and they're sleepy as the dickens. Come over and sit on the lounge—then they can go to sleep in your lap, if you want them to. They're perfectly clean, I gave 'em a bath this morning." He chuckled. "Some bath, too, I'll tell the world. The little beggars nearly drowned me."

"I wish I'd seen it,' smiled Valerie. "How do you like playing nursemaid to them?"

"Not so bad," he admitted, "they're cute little things and now that they don't scratch——"

"Did they scratch you?" she looked up quickly. "Little beasts—why didn't you punish them?"

"I did—not hard, though. They were too little to know any better."

For a little while they were silent, Valerie trying to breath naturally, and believe that her heart pounded so merely because she had those adorable kittens, and Don watching her with eager eyes. She looked so pretty, sitting in a corner of the deep lounge with the fluffy little animals in her lap. Finally he said:

"Val," he'd got in the habit of calling her that in his letters, "you know I was always writing about that idea of mine? Want to know what it is?"

"Of course I do. If you knew how I've wondered and wondered you wouldn't ask."

"Well, you know we import rubber and coffee and stuff like that, and sometimes it takes an awful while for them to get from the interior out to the coast, and then to New York, so I decided that it would save time and money if we could transport by airplane. At first Dad thought I was crazy, but when I drew maps and showed him how there could be two or three central landing places, where the produce could be all gathered together from the surrounding country, and how much more direct it would be to ship by air, he began to consider it, and now he's consented. I'm to organize it and if it works, that'll be my job. What do you think of it?"

Valerie's big eyes were shining. "It's perfectly wonderful—you'll make a success of it, I know. Oh, I'm so glad you thought of it—think how nice it will be. You can fly as much as you want now, can't you?"

"You know I can. We're having special planes built now, and the first trip will be made in a couple of months. I'm going."

"Don't I wish I could, too. It will be wonderful——Oh, *why* wasn't I a boy?"

"Valerie,"—Don's voice suddenly sounded husky and queer—"do you really want to go? Because I think a honeymoon by air route would be rather new—and wonderful."

"Oh, Don! I-I think I do want to go, I—what made you think I would? Do you think father would let——" But her questions were suddenly and quite efficiently silenced, and only the leopard kittens protested.

L. S. C.





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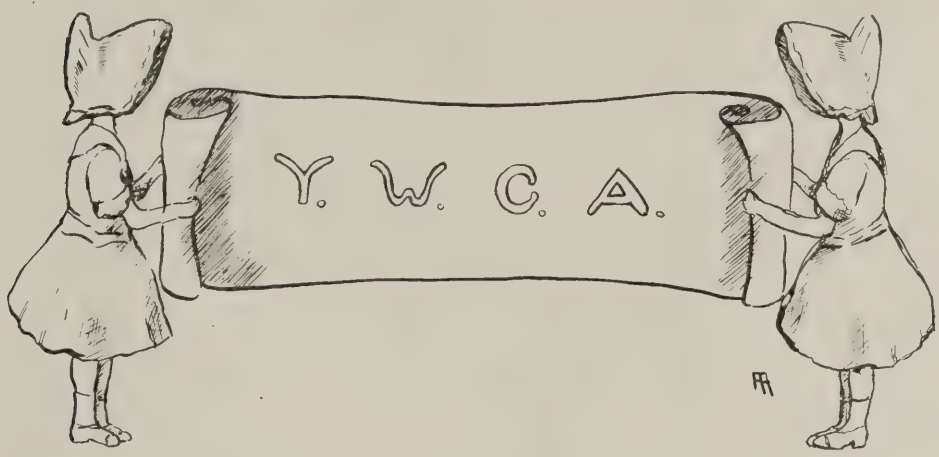


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L. LEWELLEN
A. MAGRUDER
C. McKINNEY
DAISY MORGAN
E. McKENNEY
M. OGLE
J. L. ORME
M. PRIMM
H. PRYOR
A. PRYOR
E. PORTMAN
L. ROBERTSON
F. RICHARDS
P. REINISCH
V. REED
A. STEWART
J. SCHARFF
G. STAFFORD
E. STARR
N. SHRIVER
H. SCHOENE
L. STEELE
K. TRAVIS
G. TUCKER
M. VAN BERG
A. VOKE
I. WOELPPER
G. WALKER
R. WEST
I. WEST
E. WRIGHT
MISS BATCHELDER
MISS HOLT
MISS PERRIN
M. THOMPSON
MISS MITCHELL
MISS MAXWELL

Chorus

Eila E. Perrin ..... *Directress*

Members

RUTH ANDREWS
JANICE BAZLER
MARTHA BOYD
ELOISE BARCLAY
FRANCES FAGAN
LOUISE GRAVES
MAURINE GALE
ELIZABETH GIBSON
KATHLEEN GEORGE
MARGARET GROVE
JO HART
LUCILLE HEATLEY
HARRIET JEFFRIES
GENEVA KENNEY
MINA KIRKMAN
ELEANOR LE FEVRE
LILLIAN LEWELLEN
HELEN MARTIN
DAISY MORGAN
CHRISTINE McKENNEY
ALICE MAGRUDER
MARGARET OGLE
MILDRED PRIMM
LAURA ROBERTSON
VIRGINIA REED
LAURA PAGE STEELE
FLORENCE SCOFIELD
HELEN SCHOENE
JUANITA SCHARFF
ALICE STEWART
MARGARET THOMPSON
KATHERINE TRAVIS
GRACE TUCKER
ALICE VOKE
ELEANOR WALKER



CHORUS



The Choir

RUTH ANDREWS
JANICE BAZLER
FRANCES FAGAN
ELIZABETH GIBSON
MINA KIRKMAN
GENEVA KENNEY
LILLIAN LEWELLEN
ELEANOR LE FEVRE
CHRISTINE McKENNEY
MILDRED PRIMM
FLORENCE SCHOFIELD
KATHERINE TRAVIS
GRACE TUCKER
ALICE VOKE



ART

HOME ECONOMICS

Dramatic Art Club

Motto

I can do what I *will* to do.

Flower

Daisy

Colors

Gold and White

Officers

President ..... Frances Fagan
Vice-President ..... Anne Campbell
Secretary ..... Laura De Lamarter
Treasurer ..... Lillie Woelpper
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Mitchell

Members

JULIA BERNARD
ANNE CAMPBELL
PHOEBE COOK
LAURA DE LAMARTER
FRANCES FAGAN
BETTY FLOYD
ALICE McGRUDER
DAISY MORGAN
CHRISTINE McKENNEY
MARY MUSTARD
VIRGINIA REED
FLORENCE SCHOFIELD
ALICE STEWART
NELL SHRIVER
HELEN SCHOENE



SCENES FROM THE PRINCE CHAP



Orchestra

"Lil" Lewellen ..... *Piano*

"Brownie" West ..... *Ukulele*

"Mid" Primm ..... *Ukulele*

"Bobby" Scharff ..... *Guitar*

"Peg" Reinisch ..... *Guitar*

"Fluff" Fitzgerald ..... *Violin*

Ruth Andrews ..... *Cornet*

Fairfax Song

TUNE—QUILTING PARTY.

Down in the Blue Ridge Mountains,
Stands our dear old Fairfax Hall,
Right in the heart of old Virginia,
The finest school of all.

CHORUS:

Oh, Fairfax, our dear Fairfax,
The school we all adore;
We will sing to thee our Alma Mater,
Now and evermore.

Tis for Fairfax Hall we're ready
With loyalty and praise
To her warmth and truth and love together
We will our voices raise.

We shall ne'er forget the frolics,
Nor the orange and the black;
In coming years to thee, oh, Fairfax
Our hearts will oft turn back.



GO-GOING-GONE

BUT WE'RE STILL HERE

Little Mother

A COLD November day had just dawned on the big Colonial farmhouse set in a grove of leafless oak trees. Two men on horseback rode up and dismounted, giving their horses over to the negro grooms who ran to receive them. They went up the broad steps, crossed the piazza, and without knocking, entered the long hall and removed their wraps.

A tall, well-built man with slightly gray hair was outlined in the doorway of a living room by the light of the big wood fire behind him.

"Sorry to be late, Randolph," said one of the riders, "but I stopped by for Dick here who was having trouble with his mount."

"I was becoming anxious about you," said the man addressed as Randolph, "but Patsy said you'd get here and here you are."

"We were just waiting for you before we sat down to breakfast," he added as the newcomers joined the group of men and women dressed in riding clothes, who were already assembled about the big open fire-place.

"Let's go in before everything gets cold."

It was a merry group that gathered about the breakfast table in the big, square, high-ceilinged old dining-room, which for six generations had yearly been the scene of the hunt breakfast. The individuals changed, but the group was always the same. Membership in the club was handed down from father to son, and from mother to daughter, and the début of the young huntsman or huntswoman was always at the hunt breakfast at Randolph Manor, with the Randolph who was master of the hounds at the time as sponsor. The Randolphs were almost fanatics on the subject of fox hunting, and it was even said that the men picked their wives by their riding.

The present master of Randolph may have done so, but from his affectionate bearing toward her, Patsy evidently had something beside her ability to handle a horse to recommend her.

Ordinarily she would have won no more than a casual glance from an outsider, but her husband and four children thought her the most beautiful person in the world, and if you had known her as well as they did, doubtless you would have thought so too.

She was small and graceful, and although her features were not striking, they had an air of pride and courage, combined with a smile which won the hearts of all beholders, so that you never really noticed that her mouth was too large or that her nose turned up in a most unaristocratic way.

Everyone talked at once. The younger ones discussed the pack or argued

about the relative merits of their mounts, while the old members related incidents of past hunts.

"Mrs. Randolph," called a young girl from the other end of the table, "I've made a bet with the Colonel that you will be the first in at the death. You'll win it for me, won't you?"

"I certainly will," Patsy answered laughing. "I promised Tommy, Jr., the brush, and I'll have to make good."

"But if we intend to catch up with the pack, we'd better be starting," she added rising, "I'll just say good-bye to the children and be with you again in a minute," and she ran upstairs while the rest were drawing on their wraps.

A few minutes later they were mounted, and cantering down the drive, soon disappeared between the old stone gate posts.

That same morning a small grey fox stood at the entrance of her burrow under a fallen oak and listened intently for any sounds of danger. Her small ears pointed forward as she turned in a circle sniffing eagerly. Apparently satisfied, she crept back under the oak and tenderly licked first one and then the other of her four grey whelps who lay tumbling about in their warm nest. She growled softly as she did so. Perhaps she was telling them of the fat rabbit which she was going to bring them.

When the rabbit was found she turned toward home; but a sinister sound met her ears. She dropped the rabbit and froze into a small statue.

Human ears would not have heard it, but to the wild creature whose life depended on its sharp ears and swift limbs, the faint baying of a pack of hounds was unmistakable. Torn between anxiety for her own safety and that of her little ones, she stood undecided a moment, then, as the sounds grew louder, she whirled and set off at right angles running as she had never run before.

The hounds reached the dead rabbit and stopped to tear it to pieces, but the growls of the older dogs forced them to abandon their find, and they set off on the warm scent of the little grey fox, made more ferocious still by their taste of blood.

A quarter of a mile ahead a grey streak flashed out of the forest, crossed a corn field, and jumped a fence not twenty yards from a group of mounted men and women, who began racing along at a parallel to keep from being caught by the oncoming pack.

The fox was failing fast, and her weeks of idleness were telling on her; after her brief run her tongue was hanging out and flecks of foam dropped from her heaving sides. At the foot of a little hill she started around one way, then doubled on her tracks and went in the opposite direction. But it was useless. The

hounds had seen her and it was only a question of a few moments before they would reach her.

The horsemen followed at some distance behind the pack, but at their very heels, urging them on with shouts of encouragement, rode a slender woman, whose short brown hair streamed out behind her. She seemed a living part of her superb black horse, and it was no wonder that when the pack had surrounded the exhausted fox and it had cried its last sharp scream of death, she was the first one to beat off the dogs and hold up its limp body to the horsemen, who presently arrived.

"I won your bet, Agnes," she called triumphantly, "and Tommy gets his brush."

She was immediately surrounded by her friends, admiring and congratulating and when she mounted again she rode at their head proudly bearing the beautiful furry tail of the unfortunate little fox.

The excitement was over now, and everyone was anxious to get home and discuss the hunt. They decided to ride 'cross country, and with Patsy leading, they set off briskly.

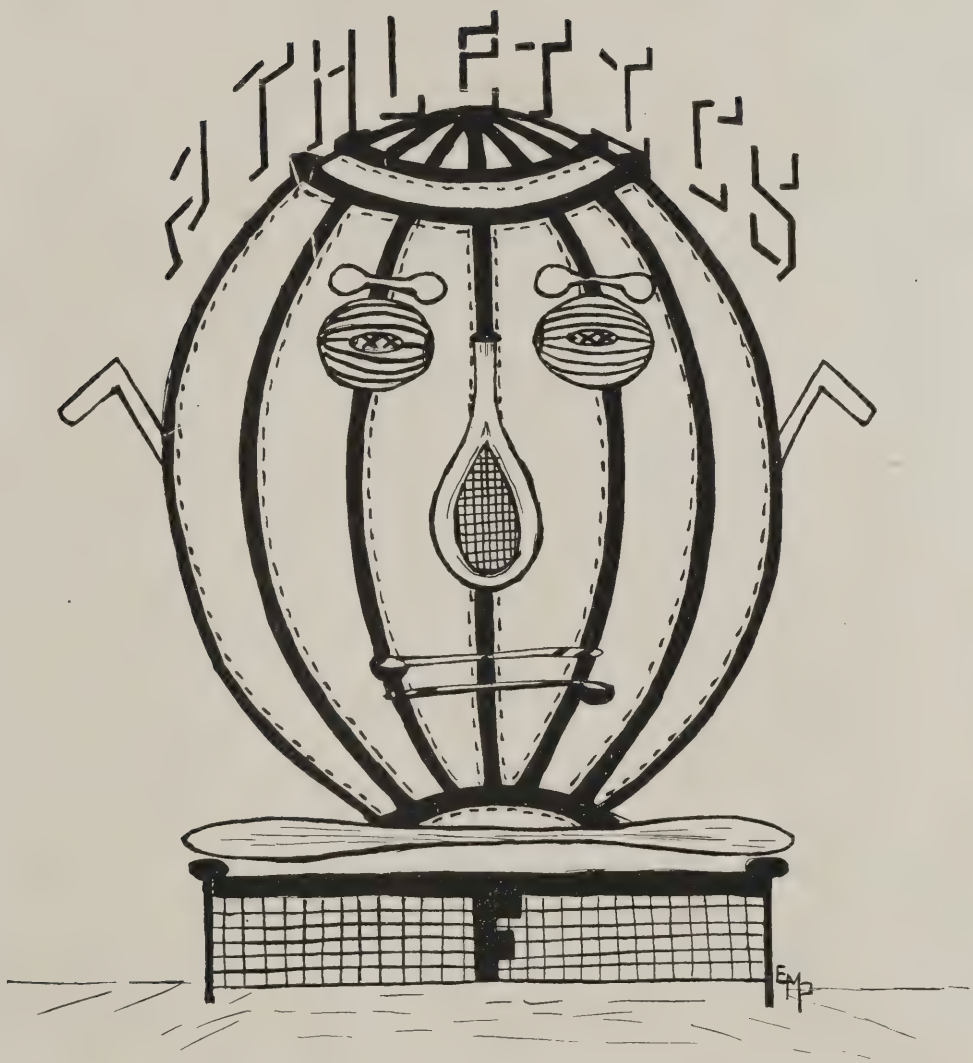
A few miles from the Randolph home, where they were all going to dinner, was an old rail fence which they had all jumped dozens of times without mishap. Patsy, thinking of her children, was far ahead, and when she came to the fence she put her horse to it with no thought of what awaited her on the other side. Too late, she saw the newly-made ditch. Her horse landed on the edge, lost his footing, and turned a complete summersault.

When the others, who had witnessed the scene, came up, they found the horse on its back in the ditch with Patsy under him. They got the horse up and took Patsy to the nearest house, where they sent for a doctor. But she did not need him. She lay quite still, her lips curved up in a smile, and in her hand she still clutched the beautiful gray brush.

That night in their nursery, the four Randolph children cried themselves to sleep, calling for their mother, and away in the depths of the forest, under a fallen oak, four little grey balls of fur crept closer together and whimpered, waiting for the return of a mother whose body lay stiffening in the frost under the cold stars.



ANY OLD TIME


EMP



ON THE COLONNADE



Basketball Team

FORWARDS

Jo Hart — Ruth West

GUARDS

Georgia Lyon — Lilla Carmichael

CENTERS

Alice Voke — Peg Reinisch

SUBSTITUTES

Nina Kirkman — Janice Bazler



OFF FOR A CANTER

Tennis

TENNIS! How many famous tennis players came to Fairfax Hall during 1920-'21. Quite a few we should say from the "peppy" games that were staged down on the far side of the campus. From North, South, East, and West they came, all with their tennis racquets, ready to make and take away with them the fame which a tennis racquet, if rightly used, can give. Morning, afternoon, and evening would see the courts filled with enthusiastic players, and from quite a distance could be heard the sing-song! *love-thirty, forty, game.* After a time the best players asserted themselves, and were formed into three teams, the Freshman, Junior, and Senior, each of which were strong and won a distinct reputation for themselves, which will be remembered by Fairfax in years to come.



Senior Tennis Team

JO HART EMMY PORTMAN FRANCES FAGAN
ALICE VOKE



Junior Tennis Team

JEANETTE BEALL HELEN MARTIN RUTH ANDREWS
ANNE CAMPBELL



Freshman Tennis Team

VIVIEN LASTINGER ELLEN LAWRENCE FLORENCE FITZGERALD
JUANITA SCHARFF



Track Team

JANICE BAYLOR
LILLA CARMICHAEL
JO HART
MINA KIRKMAN
GEORGIA LYON
PEG REINISCH
ALICE VOKE
RUTH WEST

Proven

ROBERT GLEASON was the only son of wealthy parents. His father's home on Fifth Avenue, was considered the most imposing among the many magnificent homes in that most exclusive residential section. Surrounded thus by every luxury that money can procure, or the brains of indulgent parents conceive of, Bob had grown into young manhood with no conception of the value of money, or of the true meaning of life.

At eighteen he entered Yale. Tall, dark, and unusually handsome, with culture, refinement, and good sportsmanship, he almost immediately became a favorite among his classmates. During his first year, he went in for football. Of the type that goes in for all manner of sports with heart and soul, he played so well that his superiority over the other members of the squad was soon recognized and he was elected Captain of the Freshman team.

At the beginning of his sophomore year he was rushed, bid, and pledged Δ K E one of the highest ranking fraternities in the country. Bob greeted his initiation into the fraternity with inward pleasure, for a boy's entire college life is centered in his fraternity. Soon after he was a recognized "frat" man, he took up his residence in his fraternity-house. Living there with an unlimited income upon which to draw, his own car at his disposal, and companions that were equally as wealthy, attractive, and eager for a good time as he, it was quite natural that he should have been present at celebrations where intoxicating drinks were served. Not unlike the average college boy, he had confidence in his will power, and thought he knew his limit well enough to stop when his capacity had been reached. Thus the habit grew steadily upon him until he drank with no excuse at all.

As the weeks passed, it became a common occurrence for Bob to be carried by his fraternity brothers to his rooms in a drunken stupor. On the day following these displays of weakness, Bob's friends would pat him on the back encouragingly and talk to him, telling him to watch his step and brace up, and always Bob, burning with shame and self-contempt, swore that such an incident should never be repeated—that drink should never get the better of him. Several days he'd work hard, keeping his resolution always in mind, but sooner or later the temptation would prove too great and the result was the same.

In spite of the repeated excuses made by Bob to his professors for failing to keep up with his classwork—and even though his college mates shielded his weakness and did all in their power to help him, the true reason for his lack of enthusiasm became apparent. He was called to the office of the Dean of the College, who talked kindly and sympathetically to him, as a father might have spoken

to his erring son. He appealed to his love of his parents, of all those who loved him, and to his own self-respect, and then told him that this was his last chance; that either he must get a firm and lasting hold upon himself, or he would be obliged to leave college. This cut deeply, for Bob had a great deal of pride and consideration for his parents. He knew that the disgrace of his being asked to withdraw from college, and for such a reason, would crush his mother's heart and bring great sorrow and disappointment to his father. He was filled with a loathing and disgust for himself, and resolved to conquer this terrible craving that continuously ate into his innermost self; that cried out to him, setting his brain afire unless it was appeased. Surely he had strength enough to control this evil desire that was bringing sadness and disgrace into his life, and might soon draw his family into its poisonous grasp. The thought of this and that he might be obliged to leave Yale, with all the pleasant memories of the past, his fraternity brothers, for whom he felt a great and binding friendship, seemed such an impossible thing that he could not conceive of its happening. It couldn't—he wouldn't let this terrible thing happen! Blacken his future—mar his life and happiness? No, he could and would stop it. Thus, with his future life and happiness at stake, Bob, filled with new determination and desire to win, started all over again For days he refused to heed the burning and craving of his system for the deadly and only satisfying food it had so long been accustomed to.

Bob fought a brave, but losing battle, until at last, weakened and crazed with a desire for drink, with which he could not cope, in desperation, and for want of relief from the fever which seemed about to consume him, he gave in and took first one drink and then another.

For days Bob lived in a haze, neither knowing nor caring what happened around him. When even a small vestige of reason returned to him and with it the realization of his condition and disgrace, he became morose and filled with hopelessness—aware of the impending catastrophe—and nothing seemed worth it. Why had he tried so hard and failed? What was life at its best? Was it worth the fight? The inevitable occurred, and Bob was requested to withdraw from college immediately.

So he left—filled with sorrow too great and overbearing to allow him to reason or think or plan. He realized only that there was no going back—he had made his bed and now he must lie in it. At home his parents hid from him the disappointment and mortification they had suffered at his hands—their only son, in whom their dreams and ambitions lay. Only kind words and encouragement were spoken to him, for his mother loved and pitied him, and could see that the blow had sapped his youth and vitality—that mentally and physically her boy was exhausted.

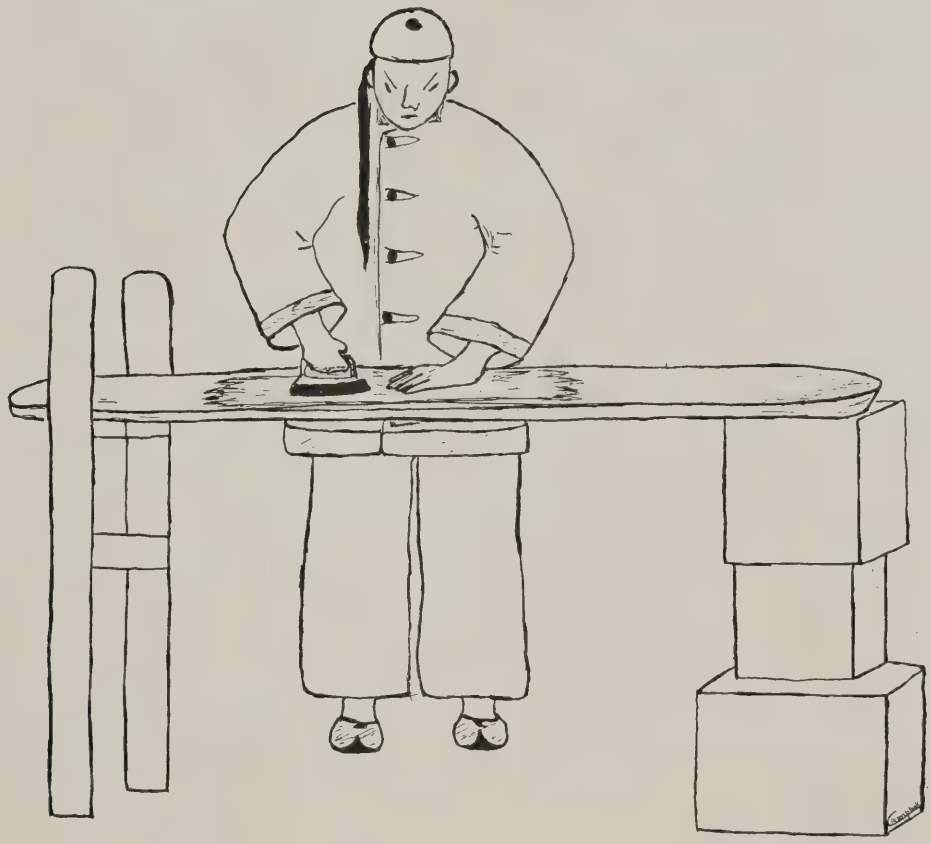
Just at this time, when he needed her most, needed her to encourage and sympathize with him in his misery, Ruth, the girl to whom Bob was engaged, re-

turned his ring to him. Ruth, away at a well-known finishing school, young, attractive, and unable to understand why she had not heard from the man to whom she was engaged, divined that something was wrong. When the reason for his neglect reached her, from lips eager to make matters as disagreeable as possible, she was angry and disappointed. Unable to realize the sadness of the situation, because she was young and proud, she decided to terminate her engagement. Accordingly she slipped his ring from her finger, wrapped it, and sent it to Bob with a little note, cold and very brief, stating that she couldn't love or marry a man who had proven himself so unworthy, and that furthermore she never wished to see or hear from him again. This cold, final note from the girl whom he loved better than anything or anyone in the world, came with a crash to awaken his deadened nerves. What a spineless weakling he was to let a girl like Ruth go out of his life. He would prove to her how worthy he was, that down within the innermost recesses of his heart there still remained the sparks of spirit—a spirit that would not be crushed—and love, strong and big, ready to burst into flame. He would climb up—and glory in the depth from which he must rise, and gain the respect of his companions and the love of Ruth. He *could* do it!

He went to Canada and enlisted in a Canadian regiment that was leaving immediately for the front. In the trenches in France, surrounded by youths who faced pain and death calmly, who shared their joys and sorrows among one another, the old zeal for life returned to him. What a joy to be alive and doing his share in the great game of life!—and to think that he had never known what it was to be of service to others before. Bob was always among the first to volunteer for raids by night, wiring expeditions—nothing was too dangerous for Bob to undertake. He gloried in risking his life if by doing so he could better conditions for his comrades and hasten the day of victory—the victory that every soldier felt in his heart to be inevitable. Bob was so daring and brave that he commanded the attention and praise of his officers, and was soon recommended for a commission—which in due time he obtained.

One day while leading his company forward after a surprise attack, he was struck by an exploding shell and severely wounded. He was taken to a base hospital in France, where he stayed for several months, suffering untold agonies with never a murmur or word of discontent—happy in the one thought that he was at last a man, a real man, who had suffered and worked and fought—and done something worth while for others. When he was sufficiently recovered he was awarded the D. S. C. for bravery under fire and sent to America on furlough.

He had succeeded in redeeming himself in the eyes of his family and friends. As for Ruth? Well, who of the female species can resist the attention of a handsome young officer, especially if he wears a medal for bravery and chevrons for service and wounds?



PRESS

Editorial Staff

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Elizabeth Gibson ..... *Business Manager*

Emmie Portman ..... *Assistant Business Manager*

Lilla Carmichael ..... *Literary Editor*

Margaret Chalinor ..... *Art Editor*

Anna Alexander ..... *Assistant Art Editor*

Lillian Lewellen ..... *Assistant Art Editor*

Alice Volke ..... *Local Editor*

Eleanor Walker ..... *Club Editor*

Eleanor Le Fevre ..... *Athletic Editor*

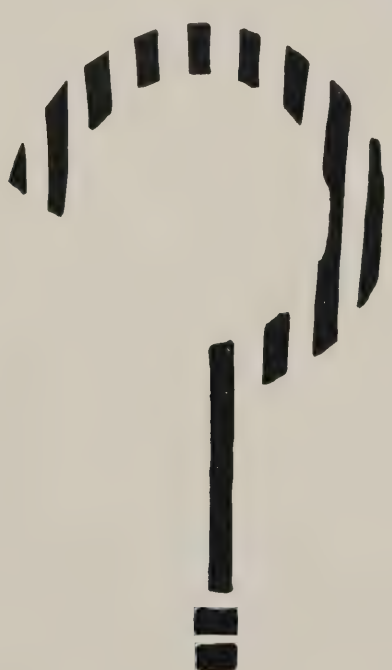


EDITORIAL STAFF



STATISTICS





Statistics

THE young girl lay among the snow-white, lacy pillows and thought of—oh, well, so many things, but that which was uppermost in her mind was her schoolmates; or rather those who had been for the first short weeks when she was at Fairfax Hall, that "homey" school for girls, which nestles among the glorious mountains of Virginia.

It was the first part of December, and Bab knew that work on the annual Fair Facts, had begun and oh, she so wanted to know just who the officers of the Staff were'n just "oodles" of things, but the most that she thought of was what was the outcome of the voting statistics.

"Oh, mother, why did I have to be the one to have this horrible accident and be compelled to lie here for so many weeks?"

Her mother put down her sewing and came over to the bed where her daughter lay, and stood looking at her for a moment. Suddenly her face lit up.

"Darling, I know what we'll do. I shall write to one of the girls to come by here on her way home for the Christmas holidays, and she can tell you all about it!"

"Oh, mother, would you?"

"Yes, I'll write this very moment."

This she proceeded to do. Very soon the eighteenth of December arrived, and with it brought a chic-looking miss of about eighteen summers.

After the usual greetings and a great deal of incoherent talk, the two girls quieted down enough for one to be able to understand what they were saying. Bab was all attention 'cause Peg had just gotten to that most interesting subject—"Statistics."

"Oh, yes," she was saying, "we just 'most voted n' argued ourselves to death. We decided on about half of them and then we decided that we wanted some more. 'Course you remember everyone of the girls, so I'll just tell you quick what they got; but wait a moment, I have the pictures of all of these.



We really hated to vote on VIRGINIA REED, 'cause it was so unquestionable that she was the *prettiest,* and after all her operations, falls, etc., the *most enduring.*

JO HART, our red head, we decided to be *the most capable, most original, most patronizing,* and to have the *most executive ability.*

Here's a precious picture of "MID" PRIMM. How she kept still long enough to have it taken is more than I can understand. She is the *most energetic* child, but she always stops long enough to show you that she's the *most affectionate as well.*

Uh, huh, that's PEG REINISCH! She's bobbed her hair, so no wonder you hardly recognize her. She looks adorable, too. Why, Bab, *she's* the *most attractive* as well as the *most popular girl in school.*



If you're waiting for JULIA FARGO to be affectionate, you're in for a long wait. She's hopeless! Everyone says that she's the *most indifferent* mortal that ever breathed.

Shades of Mother Machree! Of course you remember JUANITA SCHARFF! She was always in hot water about something. Poor kid, it's bad enough to be the *most inquisitive*, but the most unlucky, too—the combination would ruin the average person, but never Juanita.

She's EDITH BISHOP, otherwise "Tushig," the same girl who was voted such a *snob*. She may be snobbish, but she can afford to, looking as she does in an *afternoon frock*.

Guess it's 'cause JULIE LEE ORME is from San Domingo—such a long, long way from home, and then, too, her babyish voice makes one think of her as humored. You know—*Teacher's Pet*.



People think LAURA ROBERTSON peculiar. She is—and lazy as everything, 'n when it comes to going to church she just won't. Still, I don't agree with the others in thinking her so very *sarcastic*.

Yes, I know you can't remember seeing LILLIE WOELPPER look anything but dainty. She is just the *daintiest* girl I ever knew. She *will* look on the dark side of everything. I think you'd say she's *pessimistic*.

Where GRACE TUCER gets so much time to keep dressed up is more than any of us can understand. You never see her other than "scrumptionsly" *neat*.

After you hear ANNE CAMPBELL give that "*camel* walk talk," there's no need to tell you that she is *affected*.



BETTY LLOYD was at one time said to be the *biggest giggler,* but since "Frenchy" came she has been too busy acting as "ladies' maid" to even smile.

Oh, of course you remember JULIE BERNARD—Well, she's the same one—"*Yes,* the *biggest vamp.*"

They just work poor MARGARET CHALLINOR to death—'most. She is so *accommodating* and hates to say "no" to any request, whether it be to make a bed, sweep, or any of these numerous things. If she *should* say "no" she'd spend all day trying to be *apologetic.*

You would hardly believe this is HARRIETT JEFFRIES, 'cause her mouth isn't wide open in a big laugh. She is the *jolliest* as well as the *most talkative* girl in school.

ANNA ALEXANDER'S reputation followed her from Augusta. We easily saw that she stood out as the "shining light" when it came to dancing, for honestly you must give it to her, she's a *peachy dancer,* but evidently knows it, since she was voted the *most conceited* as well.

Yes, after all, ALICE McGRUDOR'S everlasting calling for meetings won her the name of having the most *school spirit.*

Precious little FLORENCE HENZELMAN used to get *so* mad 'cause we told her that she was fat, but she shouldn't rave or rant, 'cause she has the *sweetest disposition* imaginable.

Hail! EMMY PORTMAN, *"Queen of the Crushers!"* She doesn't get a crush often, but when she does—she sticks!





Uh, huh, I knew it would strike you at once? Well, Bab dear, that's the way FRAN RICHARDS herself strikes everyone. Her three greatest characteristics (to say nothing of her red hair) will carry her flying thru the world. She's the *most striking, cleverest,* and *most comical* mortal living.



Heavens, girl, do you intend to stare at that one *all day?* Who is it? Why, HELEN SCHOENE, of course. You bet she's *cute* looking. Not only that, but the most *stunning* of our girls.



Yes, there are still some others. Some of these left are girls who look best in different costumes. You know we've always had a "rep" for good looks and stunning clothes. Here's JO HART in a *dinner dress.* It's a wonder that she wore a hat and covered that red hair long enough to have a picture taken.



This is MARGARET AGLE, otherwise known as "Peggy." Brought into the limelight as the *best sport at Fairfax.*

You must read LILLA CARMICHAEL'S story, *Concerning the Air,* in the Annual. It's great! Naturally it would be, since she's so *literary.*

You remember that day, before you left, when JUNE ZILLES rode the Texas pony after he had thrown one of the girls? Well, that won her fame as an *excellent rider.*



It has often been said that clothes "make the woman and break the man." Well, ELEANOR WRIGHT doesn't care about the latter—'cause she *knows* just how *stunning* she is in *street dress.*



PEG REINISCH is famous for so many things until it's hard to keep track of them. One of the lesser being her ability to look like "a million" in a *coat suit.*



You bet she's just as *independent* as she looks. That's FLORENCE SCHOFFIELD. She can back her independence, too, 'cause she's the best athlete in school.



EDITH BISHOP sat up about half of the night waiting for us to find out if she was voted anything. She didn't seem a bit surprised that she was the *biggest snob.*

If you can't laugh—grin! Such is the motto of MISS CRAWFORD, our *most popular teacher.*

This is the last—JO HART in *evening dress.* Perfectly happy. Take warning—handle with care—very fragile.

Our Pilgrim Fathers

'Twas just three hundred years ago
The most eventful day
Recorded in our history,
At least that's what I'd say.

When the Pilgrims on the *Mayflower*
Landed safe at Plymouth Rock,
'Twas the real and true beginning
Of our great American stock.

They left their homes so far away
And suffered many an ache and pain,
But judging from what has since been done
Their trials were not in vain.

They left the land of tyranny,
So in their way they could worship God,
After sailing sixty-three long days,
They safely landed at Cape Cod.

They then set up a colony,
They worshiped, fought, and prayed.
The Red Skins tried to drive them off,
But no, they won, and stayed.

Thus this great America
Was founded with a fight,
And the whole world now acclaims
That we always fought for right.

The war of the Revolution
And that of Eighteen Twelve
Were ample proof to the Fatherland
That we could rule ourselves.

Then came the war with Mexico,
And Eighteen Sixty-one.
The hand of God was with us,
For we fought and nobly won.

The next war of importance
Was in Eighteen Ninety-eight.
The Cubans gained their freedom,
And the Spaniards met their fate.

Then the Philippines were taken,
After many months of war.
And now they want their freedom.
We have made them what they are.

Then came the world's great conflict,
The most hellish of all time,
When all the powers of the world
Were menaced near the Rhine.

The great and powerful Germany
Was fighting the foreign powers,
When came the cry from God and man
For that fighting strength of ours.

We went into the conflict
With all our might and main,
All with a thought of freedom
And naught whate'er to gain.

Our soldiers all so brave and true
Went in to do or die,
They checked the Huns at Chateau-Thierry,
And saved the great Paree.

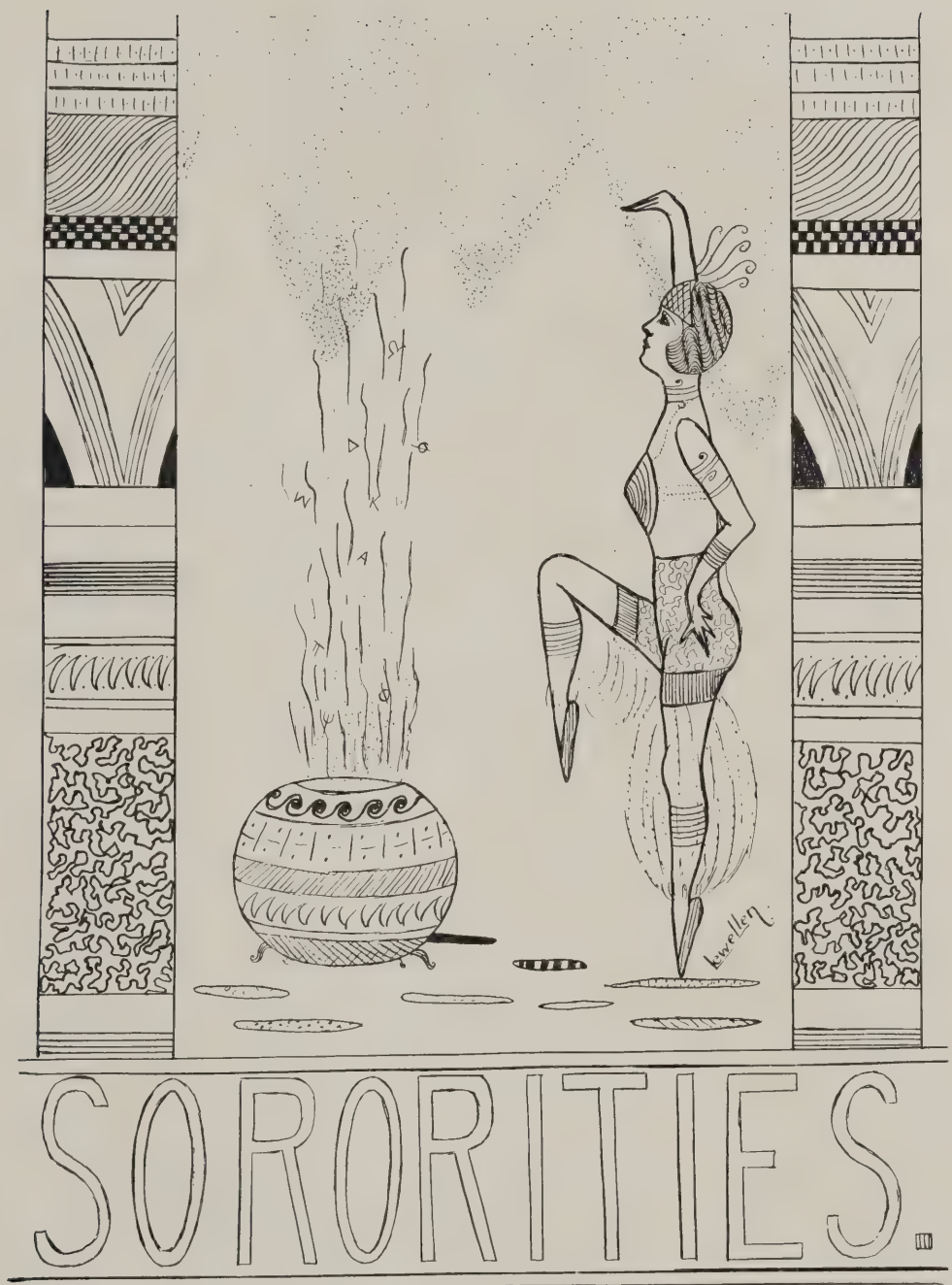
This proved to be the turning point,
They kept advancing through and through,
Until the cowards cried, "Kamerad,"
We're whipped, we can't fight you."

And now to all Americans
Should we not all feel proud?
For all that we've accomplished,
From that Sixteen-Twenty crowd?

They gave the light of freedom
Unto this hard-pressed world,
Through their trials and tribulations
The flag of liberty they unfurled.

Ruth E. Adams, '22.




SORORITIES.

Beta Chapter of Phi Sigma Phi

(Installed October 15, 1920)

FAIRFAX HALL

Basic, Va.

$\phi \Sigma \phi$

Fratre in Facultate

Ella E. Perrin

Fratres in Collegio

ELIZABETH GIBSON
JO HART
GEORGIA LYON
MARY M. MUSTARD
ELEANOR LE FEVRE



PHI SIGMA PHI

Lambda Chapter of Sigma Delta

(Installed October 25, 1920)

FAIRFAX HALL

Basic, Va.

Σ Δ

Members

FRANCES FAGAN	MINA KIRKMAN	DOROTHEA SMITH
GENEVA KENNEY	ALICE STEWART	MARIE VAN BERG



SIGMA DELTA

Alpha Chapter of Delta Delta

(Founded October 13, 1920)

FAIRFAX HALL

Basic, Va.

Frater in Facultae

Phyllis E. Crawford, Randolph-Macon A. B.

Fratres in Collegio

DOROTHY MARTINDALE	FLORENCE HEINZLEMAN	ANNE CAMPBELL
FRANCES RICHARDS	RUTH WEST	LAURA DE LAMARTER
ANNA ALEXANDER	HELEN SCHOENE	ISABEL WEST
MILDRED PRIMM	JULIA FARGO	EDITH BISHOP
KATHERINE CAREL	LAURA ROBERTSON	MILDRED REINISCH
	LILLIAN LEWELLEN	



DELTA DELTA

Beta Chapter of Mu Lambda Delta

(Founded November 3, 1920)

FAIRFAX HALL

Basic, Va.

Members

JANICE BAZLER, '21
JULIA BERNARD, '21
LUCILE HEATLY, '21
ELIZABETH McKENNEY, '22
DAISY MORGAN, '21
MARGARET OGLE, '21
ALICE VOKE, '21
ELEANOR WALKER, '22
BETTY BRANNON
POLLY GILLETTE
DEBORAH TINGLE
EMMA TINGLE





Chi Delta Chi

X Δ X

Motto

Amor Vinsit Omnia Veritas

Flower

Sweet Pea

Colors

Pink and Lavender

Members

MARTHA ROBERTSON BOYD
LILLA CARMICHAEL
ALICE H. McGRUDER
LUCINDA K. GRAVES
MARY GRACE TUCKER
LILLIE RIGGS WOELPPER



B. F. of N. M.

JEANETTE BEALL

JULIA LEE ORME

ELLEN LAWRENCE

VIVIEN LASTINGER

JUNE ZILLES

FLORENCE FITZGERALD

MIRIAM BARCLAY



Nu Chapter of Sigma Tau Sigma

(Installed January 28, 1921.)

FAIRFAX HALL

Basic, Va.

ΣΤΣ

Conspiratio, veritas et oculus

Members

GLADYS KNOX
MARGARET THOMPSON
MAURINE GALE
JUANITA SCHARFF

Pledges

EMMIE PORTMAN
ELEEANOR ASTUE
BETTY LLOYD
RUTH ANDREWS



SIGMA TAU SIGMA



TENNIS COURT



HOT AIR

Hot Air

PERFECT BLISS

No bells
No debts
No fried apples
Hot water
No setting-up exercises
No faculty
Six vacant periods per day

There are two sorts of fame—One is acquired by gaining a reputation—The other by losing one.

—*S. S.*

Boarding school teaches a girl to spend the best part of her life preparing for the worst.

Lives of great men all remind us
Of the days that used to be,
Of the liquor and wild women,
Now it's only girls and tea.

—*Punch Bowl.*

He: "When I was four years old, I was left an orphan."
She: "What did you do with it?"

—*Orange Peel.*

She: "I'll marry you on one condition."
He: "Fine. I entered college on four."

—*Tiger.*

Prof. (sarcastically): "That'll do, sir—your explanation is as clear as mud."
Stude (brilliantly): "Well, that covers the ground, anyway, sir."

—*Georgia Pandora.*

There, now, old maids,
Don't you cry,
You'll be blondes soon,
Dye, dye, dye.

—*The Mink.*

Love is like an onion,
We taste it with delight,
But when it is gone we wonder
Whatever made us bite.

—*Independent.*

"Stockings? Yes, ma'am! What number do you wear?" asked the suave salesman.

"Two, of course!" snapped the large lady.

—*The Mink.*

A little moonshine makes the sun shine brighter.

MY DIPLOMA

(To Tune of "My Bonnie.)

My diploma lies over exam week,
My diploma I'm hoping to see,
But I think I'll be old and grey-headed,
Before its presented to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow;
Last night as I lay on my bed,
I wondered if ever these lessons
Could be pounded into my head.

O blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
O blow, ye winds, over the sea,
I wish that you'd blow my diploma
Right over exam week to me.

Fresh: "Why do they have knots on the ocean?"
Soph: "So they can have the ocean tide."

FORMAL DE HYDE

Goof: "How did you get along at the formal last night?"

Dubb: "Not so well. I felt my socks slipping down over my shoes. When I reached down to fix them, my cuffs fell off and my collar slipped over my head."

—*Sundodger.*



A HOLIDAY AT FAIRFAX

He took her rowing on the lake;
She vowed she'd go no more.
I asked her why—her answer came:
"He only hugged the shore."

—*We'll Never Tell.*

Miss Batchelder (dictating spelling): "Fodder, next word."
Class: "Father?"
Miss B.: "No, I don't talk that way."

Lillian Lewellen: "Does your little brother look like you?"
Eleanor Wright: "No, he's ugly."

A DEFINITION

Each flea believes that he lives on the most wonderful dog in the world. What patriotism.

—*Judge.*

GIVE AND TAKE

Fair Fairfax: "There are just two in this world that I love."

A. M. A. Cadet: "I suppose you are going to pull good a one and say that I am both of them?"

Fair Fairfax: "No, you're neither of 'em!"

—(Apologies to *Juggler.*)

Miss Holt: "You may begin the translation, Eloise."
Eloise: "I'm sorry, Miss Holt, but I only skimmed over the lesson."
Miss Holt: "Anne?"
Anne: "I'm sorry, Miss Holt, but *I* didn't have any skimmer."

Lykdz: "Are you dieting because of Lent?"
Koldz: "Yes, because of money lent."

—*The Dirge.*

No wonder George Washington never told a lie. He didn't play golf.

EVIDENTLY NOT

"I'm not doing this on my own account," said the forger as he passed over the check.

—*Lord Jeff.*

WANTED: Silence "anytime, anyplace, anywhere."

—*Miss Batchelder.*

PECULIAR—VERY PECULIAR THINGS!

Frenchy Gelofiam's *accent.*
Miss Saunders' *diamonds.*
Grace Stafford's *Glasses.*
Betty Lloyd's *voice.*
Helen Schoene's *laugh.*
Mina Kirkman's *Willie.*
Alice Stewart's *conceit.*
Jo Hart's *clothes.*
Louise Erwin's *Baby stare.*
Julia Lee Orme's *date.*
Lillie Woelpper's *visitor for a week.*
Alice McGruder's *popularity.*
Florence Schofield's *trip to Washington.*
Laura Robertson's *pep.*
Margaret Ogle's *walk.*
Lill Heatley's *love affairs.*
Brownie West's *devotion.*
Elizabeth Gibson's *craving for home.*
Mary Mustard's *letter writing.*
Georgia Lyon's *acquiring of wisdom.*
Miss Perrin's *jewels.*
Miss Batchelder's *moods.*
"English."

WANTED: "An Easter Vacation"—Fairfax Hall.

WANTED: "A crush-killer."—*Every Sane Girl.*

ADVERTISEMENT

A colored woman wants washing.

We will now sing: "Who Asked for Bread," and a curtain came down a *roll.*

"If you'll be my ivy,
Then I'll be your oak,"
Exclaimed the poetic young Reeve.
Then down from above
Came her father and spoke:
"All right, you're her oak tree—please leave."

—*Sun-Dial.*

L'il Opera: "Have you seen "Carmen?"
De la Rug: "Sure, my brothers, is a conductor."

—*Collegiate World.*

She had received his gift of flowers with rapture.
"Oh, they're perfectly lovely," she exclaimed, "and there's even a little dew on them still."
"E—ey—yes," he stammered, "there's a little, but I intend to pay it Saturday night."

—*Judge.*

"Roll is the most wicked verb in the language."
Vide: "Eyes, cigarettes, stockings, and dice."

Eve was put in the world for Adam's Express Co.

—*Will Never Tell.*

Miss Batchelder:: "My dear young lady, I thought I saw you talking during the sermon this morning."
Dear Young Lady: "You certainly are mistaken; why, I never talk in my sleep."

Miss Crawford: "What part of speech is 'I love my teacher?'"
Golf: "Sarcasm."

"Do you like music?"
"Yep."
"Then listen to the band around my hat."

—*We'll Never Tell.*

President Maxwell: "I hear you have added a new study to your course at F. M. S.?"
Major Hudgins: "Why, yes, I'm trying to interest my boys in astronomy, but they don't seem to look much higher than the second story of *Fairfax Hall.*"

Man running to catch train just pulled out of yard.
Porter: "Miss your train, sah?"
Man: "No, just chasin' the darn thing out of the yard."

Trip to Grottoes. Guide: "This magnificent structure is the work of nature and resembles a pipe organ."

Hattie Jeffries: "Oh, who broke it off?"

The old mountaineer had a secret,
Which many a bottle did fill,
And although I'm telling his secret,
The secret's a secret still.

—*"Mink."*

Ruth West at tea dance: "Come on, Peg, let's dance."

Peg Renisch: "That wasn't the music started, Brownie, somebody just dropped a tray of dishes."

Mrs. Shumway: "Hattie, how came this button in the salad?"

Hattie: "That's from the dressing, ma'am.

German Professor (to student who has been taking his afternoon nap in class): "If 'Kuh' in German means one cow, how do you say two cows?"

Stude: "Why, er, cuckoo."

—*Pitt.*

Percy: "Heard you went blackberrying to-day?"

Jack: "Sure, I went to a colored funeral."

—*Tar Baby.*

A.: "Can you feel colors?"

B.: "What makes you ask?"

A.: "Well the other day I felt so blue."

—*Pitt.*

On a mule we find two legs behind,
And two we find before.
We tickle behind, before we find
What the two behind—be for.

—*Pitt.*

Jean Kenney: "A pair of scissors."

Shopper: "I wish to buy a pair of shoes just to wear around the house."

Clerk: "Lady, what size is your house?"

—*Pitt.*

PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT

Place one end of a small paper cylinder filled with tobacco in the mouth and touch a match to the other end. Walk slowly into Room 117 and observe the reaction of its occupant. If the experiment proves successful, the result is either 12:56 or 6:31.

HEARD IN THE CLASSROOM

"I don't care! I am thinner! Just see what I'm doing."

"What are you doing, Hattie?"

"Well, every morning I get up and take gym, then I run down to the gate and back, and go upstairs and take a cold bath. I don't eat anything hardly at meals, and tramp every day—so there!"

"Yes, but you don't look any thinner."

"Oh, well, I only began this morning."

Miss Saunders: "How, can I remove stains from linen so they will not return."

LET YOUR WANT ADS DO YOUR WORK

"It Floats" ..... Mary Mustard
"Sturdy as the Ook" ..... Isabel West
"Two in One" ..... Peg Reinisch and Ruth West
"All That the Name Implies" ..... Quiet Hour
"Try My Grouch Killer" ..... Julia Bernard
"Don't Leave Them Behind" ..... Chaperone
"Freckles Positively Removed" ..... Frances Richards
"Chooses Dirt" ..... Janice Bazler
"There's a Reason" ..... Solitary Confinement
"Old Stomachs Made New in 48 Hours" ..... Dr. Richardson
"Soft, Warm Tones Transform Your Walls
Miss Raymond Practicing After Light Bell
"Be Prepared for the Spring Drive" ..... Y. W. C. A.
"The $1,000 Breakfast" ..... Sunday Morning
"Rough On Rats" ..... Elizabeth Gibson
"Dromedary Dates" ..... Monday Afternoon
"Best in the Long Run" ..... Mother Ferguson
"Won't You Advertise" ..... E. Gibson

WHO SAYS??

"Hey Bud."
"As a personal favor——.'
"Oh, Betty, draw me a bawth, I'm *so* fatigued!"
"Oh, gee! *Good-night!"*
"I want this stopping laughed."
"It just defeats me."
"Let's put more pep in this school."
"Hey crush! Did you know Philadelphians have a *beculiar accent?"*
"I'll tell you the story of the Great Stone Face."
"Be quiet, girls, and go to work."
"Look at me and use Ivory Soap."
"Oh, I think he's adorable. I just cra-a-ave him."
"Cabbage isn't fattening, is it?"
"I want quiet on this corridor."
"Who gave you permission to use this piano?"

"Oh, I bet you think I'm awful."
Stamp, stamp, jump, bang, bang. "Be quiet, this is a meeting of the Orange Class!"

"Try to be, er—a little more er-er—considerate, please."
"Girls, bring pencil and paper and take down a song."
"Did you sign up?" No, ma'am." Two weeks campus!"
"I got a letter from my mother in Lynchburg."
"Setting-up exercises is not enough."
"I hope to shout."
" 'Scuse me."
"Girls, girls, Mrs. Heatwell's been here, Golf's bought something."
"Oh, you just look darlin'!"
"Gee, you look keen!"
"Oh, I want to be different!"

WE'D QUIT 'ER

'Tis sad to love,
And oh, how bitter,
To have a girl,
Whose face don't fit her.

—*We'll Never Tell.*

Miss Batchelder in General Science Class: "Eleanor, will you please name the impure foods?"

Lilla C.: "Miss Batchelder certainly has traveled around a lot."
Eleanor: "Why?"
Lilla C.: "Because she's always talking about Pacific gravity."

Gladys Knox: "I want some ink, please, Miss Maxwell."
Miss Maxwell: "Where's your ink well?"
Gladys: "I broke it and all the ink evacutated."

Jeweler (to sweet young Fairfax girl): "Of course you've heard of the Elgin movement?"
S. Y. F. G.: "Oh, yes, do teach me to dance it."

—Apologies to *Mink*.

Porch climbers are no idle jests at times!

Miss Maxwell: "And sometime in May we'll take the trip to the Natural Bridge."
Hattie Gould: "Can they who are reducing walk both ways, Miss Maxwell?"

TALK ABOUT MEDICAL PHRASEOLOGY!

"When I was a kid, I had scarlet fever and diphtheria and chicken-pox and whooping cough and mumps. What'd you have, Anna?"
"Pooh—*I* only had chicken-pox and monks?"

GIRLS

The way the act shows love is blind,
And makes one jealous of the fellow,
For when they fall in love you find
It' always with the other fellow.

—*Mink*.

When Kipling wrote "The Light That Failed" he must have had in mind the Basic Power Plant.

Daisy Morgan: "If I had my car here I'd take you a long ride."
Julia Bernard: "What kind of a car have you?"
Daisy:: "Kiddie" car.



We-ell, I guess I've gotta go,
A shriek of loud derision.
"Surely a teacher ought to know—
You speak with such precision!"
"Git out! You know you'll ruin my rep! It
Is so mean when I can't he'p it."

Love is not blind—it's just near-sighted.

GIBSON AND VOKE

Rats—catching (by the former).
Preserving for memory books (the latter).

NOTICE!

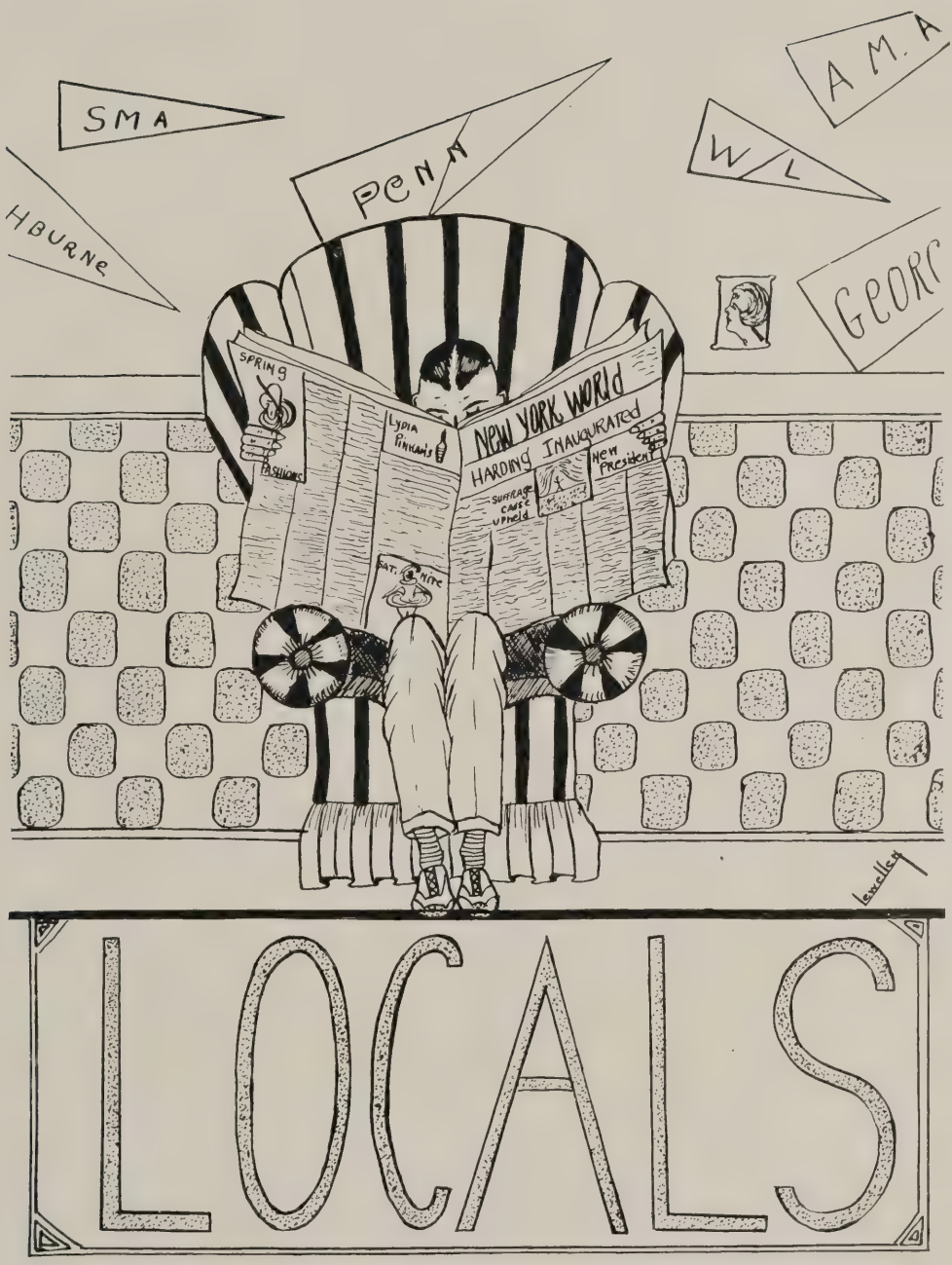
Don't take your sorrow out on the general public.

—*Miss Mitchell.*

AND THEN THE FUN BEGAN



A MEMORABLE SUNDAY NITE


SMA
PENN
A.M.A
W.L
HBURNE
GEORG
SPRING
NEW YORK WORLD
HARDING INAUGURATED
New President
SUFFRAGE CASE UPHELD
Lydia Pinkham's
Lewellen
LOCALS

Locals

What is that we see struggling up one side of the most mountainous parts of Virginia? Why, that is the *Hiking Club of Fairfax Hall.* Yes, from a distance it does look as if they are stragglers, but upon coming closer we find that they are not struggling at all, but are making rapid progress; and why shouldn't they? To come in Fairfax Hall and sit from three o'clock to four on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday we feel sure you'd be repaid for your time. A score or more girls emerge "pepped," ready to walk to *San Francisco,* if necessary. Racing and chasing down the hill they go, some of the more unlucky ones sprawled out on account of a slight mis-step, and the others racing on, on, on. When four o'clock comes, our visitor might look out the window and see "moving snails," which turn out to be the hikers back. Up the hill they struggle, some hanging on to the nearest thing to them. No wonder they are played out, when various people go chasing off from the regular route hunting up wilds animals, etc. On this certain day it so happened that some of the hikers, one of the faculty included, went rabbit chasing, and succeeded in capturing a *ferocious* white rabbit, which afterward proved to be tame. This little incident is mild to what sometimes happens. On one of the first hikes, some of the girls becoming tired attached themselves to the back of a wagon, chinning themselves as they rode. This continued until one little girl from Georgia chinned herself most too far and became entangled in the wheels of the wagon. About that time the horse, getting scared, started to balk and first went backward and then forward, while the slight form in the wheels who appeared to be all legs and hair, squealed at the top of her lungs—"Gitup—hoa!" Nevertheless, with all this side issue, the hikers have made wonderful progress, and even now we know quite a few girls who have every intention of getting their Block Letters. As to the prize winner, that can't be decided until June, but each has her private opinion of who the winner will be. We feel sure that our Hiking Club will be such as will make those who come to Fairfax in the future proud to be a member of it, and remember, "Walk and get Thin!"

Hikers Eligible for Long Hike

Mildred Reinisch
Laura Page Steele
Ruth West
Geneva Kenney
Juanita Scharff
Marie Van Berg
June Zilles
Margaret Challinor
Lillian Lewellen
Ruth Andrews
Miriam Barkley
Lilla Carmichael
Laura De Lamater
Florence Fitzgerald
Frances Fagan
Louise Graves
Elizabeth Gibson
Florence Heinzleman
Ellen Lawrence
Vivian Lastinger
Betty Lloyd

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A flapper millionaire bachelor from New Yawk dressed in his best "Bib" and "Tucker," is seen "Cumming" down the stairs in a great hurry.

The clock chimes half-past eight as he bawls, "Bring around the 'Car-Michael'!"

" 'Wright,' sir," he answers, and after waiting impatiently several minutes, Gerald put on his hat "Andrew" a silk "Scharff" about his neck. He rushes out to the garage where the chauffeur is repairing said car. After "Asten" him about it, he decides he will have to "Walker" take the street car.

The "West" wind is blowing a strong "Gale" that night, as he "Saunders" up to the apartment of his lady love, a "Primm" "Lil" miss with whom he is madly in love.

"The next two hours will decide my fate. "Lose 'Irwin,' " he mutters, as he rings the door-"Bell." No one responds, so he "Knox" loudly. The maid finally comes to the door and ushers him to the library. He wonders if he has pro-"Voke"d her and pacing back and forth from the window—"Ziiles," puffing a "Campbell," he notices how brightly the north "Starr" shines into the dimly-lighted room.

She appears dressed in an "Alice" blue gown and his "Hart" beats wildly, as he looks at her. Apologizing for his delay, he suggests the theater, to which she agrees to go. She tries to "Reed" his thoughts, for he has remained quiet during most of the evening.

At the restaurant he is so excited he forgets to order "Mustard" for his ham sandwich.

They take the long way home, through the "Grove" and he thinks to himself, "By 'George,' I've picked a "Boyd.' "

She wonders, "' Kenney" really care, or is he 'Lyon?' "

Taking her in his "Ormes" the old "Batchelder" close and whispers, "I'd like to 'Steele' a kiss."

"We'll have to hurry home," she murmurs, "or mother will have "Fitz-Gerald."

"We'll get there 'Shumway,' " he replies intoxicated with joy.

A. V., '21.

TACKY PARTY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1920

It must be admitted that for several days the ice had been growing rather thin, but it took the Tacky Party to break what little of it remained. Everyone entered into the fun as though they had known each other for years, and there wasn't a minute of the evening that dragged.

Things started with a Virginia Reel up and down the hall, but it was not finished, as the dancers seemed to have disappeared, one by one, until only a handful were left. The explanation was found in the darkened Art Room, where a mysterious figure sat cross-legged on the floor, a turban (suspiciously resembling a bath towel) wound about her head, telling fortunes. Until she spoke her identity was safely hidden, but even at that early date the voice was too well known to be unrecognized.

Some of the notables were Mr. and Mrs. Chinkapin, Little Ray, and that dear little Shumway child. They were all very diverting, especially Ray—(of Sunshine understood) who obliged with her pretty childish dances. If Mrs. Chinkapin had not attended, it is possible that her lord and master would have received more than one leap year proposal, as he wore the only white trousers present, and also passed the apples and marshmallows provided by the Faculty.

MOCK WEDDING, MONDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1920

The Mock Wedding was one of those impromptu affairs that are always so enjoyable. It took place in the "Theatre," as the stage seemed most adaptable for the pulpit. The aisles and platform were decorated in the regulation way for formal ceremonies, and the costumes of the bridal party were most appropriate. Helen Schoene made a most attractive bride, with A. Alexander as her dashing groom. (The groom wore a real dress suit—don't ask to whom it belongs!) It was a military wedding, with flower girls, a ring bearer, pages, and all the rest who belong to a "real" ceremony.

FACULTY RECEPTION, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1920

The Reception to the Faculty took place at eight o'clock on Saturday night, in the lobby. The halls and rostrum were prettily decorated with autumn leaves and late flowers, making an attractive background for the faculty, guests, and students. Everyone wore evening dress, as the occasion was exceedingly formal and grave, and perhaps it is needless to say how well they all looked.

The receiving line consisted of the officers of the two classes, who stood in the order of their rank.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1920

The Lower Class gave the Upper Class a Hallowe'en Party. For over a week an attractive poster, made by one of the art students, had been hanging in the lobby, telling everyone to come at 8:30 in some original costume. As the big electric bell rang the half hour, group after group descended the wide stair-

case, until a motly crowd had assembled. A nervous little minister, with huge, horn-rimmed spectacles and a perpetual cold in his head, was followed and tempted from the straight and narrow by two very dangerous looking vamps. After everyone had arrived, the grand march began, and to make it more ghostly, everyone was blindfolded. The long line circled the dining hall several times, falling over the cornstalks and jack o' lanterns with which it was appropriately decorated. After a tramp through the building, the cellar was reached. Things were made more exciting there by a gentle incline, ending in space at the height of two feet, up which everyone was led and pushed off, and by a tall ghost, who enthusiastically extended a cold, clammy hand!

After the return there was dancing, and cider, apples, doughnuts, and peanuts were served for refreshments. Prizes were given for the prettiest and most original costumes. Lillie Woelpper, as a petite bride, won the former, and Jo Hart and Eleanor LeFevre, as the Gold Dust Twins, captured the latter.

CHLDREN'S PARTY, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1920

Everyone enjoyed the good old games and songs at the Children's Party. All the guests dressed as kiddies between two and twelve, and acted their ages splendidly. They played Puss in the Corner, Hide and Seek, Going to Jerusalem, Sally Water, Hunt the Thimble, Hide and Seek, and all the other standbyes of childhood.

Refreshments consisted of animal crackers, ice-cream cones, and candy sticks, which the youngsters devoured with delight. The little girls, (members of the Lower) were much more polite about the amount of candy and animals decapitated than the boys (members of the Upper) who rivaled each other in the amount consumed.

The party was given by the Upper Class to the Lower Class.

TRIP TO GROTTOES, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1920

One Friday car after car drew up to the Hall door, was filled, and drove out again, to join the long line waiting at the bottom of the hill. Fairfax was off to see the Grottoes—not the least daunted by the unusual coldness of the afternoon. After the long drive the girls descended from their rather close quarters and stamped their feet and patted their hands while they looked at the mountain before them, with the little house at its foot. When every car had arrived and the school had been divided into three groups, each provided with a guide, the ascent was begun. Nearly everyone delayed long enough to sign her name at the hut, just before the cave was reached, but finally all the loiterers were hurried in and the fascinating part of the trip began. Many of the girls had never

seen anything that even faintly resembled the Grottoes, and were so interested that they paid more attention to their wonders than to the uneven ground. The result was amusing—particularly when everyone was oh-ing! with wonder and some poor, unlucky soul had to eek! with surprise and fear.

After all the caverns had been thoroughly investigated and all the points of interest carefully explained, the girls assembled for the homeward drive, noses were counted, cars were filled, and "all aboard" for home.

TEA DANCE, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1920

A brilliant idea occurred to the M. L. D. Club, and the result was a tea dance, from four to six Monday. The floor seemed in good condition, but that was scarcely noticed, as the music was such as to make for forgetfulness of trifles. The Fishburne Orchestra was so obliging as to play, and to say that "a good time was had by all' would be putting it mildly.

The menu was exceedingly good—the memory of the Creole cake, ice-cream, and hot chocolate being the clearest.

JAPANESE PROGRAM, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1920

The Expression Class gave a Japanese Program on Saturday afternoon that was thoroughly enjoyable. The songs were so quaint and pretty, the costumes and make-up so good that everyone felt transported to the land of the cherry blossom.

The little play was particularly interesting and some of the remarks made by the hero and villain will not be forgotten for a long time. The scene was laid in the interior of a Japanese poet's home, and was surprisingly true to life.

RECITAL, MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1920

The Voice and Music puipls gave a Recital which was one of the best things ever done here. The girls were so sure of themselves and their part in the program that there was none of that nervous strain usual at an affair of this kind. The songs and piano selections were beautifully executed, as the applause of the audience, made up of townspeople, faculty, and students proved.

On account of the severe storm recently the lights were off for quite a while during the recital, making a severe handicap for the performers, who seemed not the least daunted, however. Miss Perrin and Miss Raymond have every reason to be proud of themselves and of their pupils.

CHRISTMAS TREE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1920

The last party of the year was that of the Christmas Tree, given the night before departure for the vacation commenced.

A huge tree was erected in the Lobby and trimmed until some bright fairy-like object hung from every twig, reflecting the light from the big open fire. All the students sat on the floor in a huge circle, singing Christmas carols, when suddenly a great jingling of bells was heard and Santa Claus strode in! He carried an enormous pack, containing a present for every member of the school, about which some appropriate jingle had been written. They were the cause of a great deal of shouting and laughing, not to mention blushing.

TEA DANCE, MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1921

The second tea dance was every bit as nice as the first, which it closely resembled. The tables in the big dining hall were grouped around the edge of the dance floor, next to the walls and attractively decorated. Again the Fishburne Orchestra played even better than before, although the chairs escaped with fewer casualties.

The "eats" were delicious—fruit salad, olive sandwiches, cream, cake, and chocolate being among the best.

HEN PARTY, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1921

Our first dance alone and unsupported by the stronger sex. Surprising to say, we had just as good a time as usual and the dancing was great. Of course, the Fairfax Orchestra played and it lacked neither pep nor variety of hits to fortune. "Torture" is wrong, though, unless jazz comes under that head.

Several masculine forms were seen flitting about, but no one was the least deceived—riding costumes are not at all unusual! One of the most amusing features was Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Spraggles, who wandered in from goodness knows where and remained for the evening, eating their full share of the ice-cream and cookies served.

THE PRINCE CHAP, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1921

The Expression Class gave "The Prince Chap" on Saturday and made a big success of it. The play itself is a splendid one, and well suited to amateur dramatics.

Everyone expected the usual performance of an expression class, "very good my dear, for *amateurs,*" but the shock given by the play has not worn off yet, in many cases.

The entire cast was excellent—so good, in fact, that one forgot it was only a play, and lived with the people beyond the footlights. Laura Robertson, as the "Prince Chap," Alice Stewart, as "Claudia," his ward, Betty Lloyd, as "Runion," the butler, Mary Mustard, as "Puckers," the slave, and Frances Fagan, as "Jack Rodney," a friend, were especially worthy of notice.

PICNIC TO CALF MOUNTAIN, MONDAY, MARCH 28, 1921

Two wagons, filled with straw and students, rolled away on the long road to Calf Mountain on Monday, just after dinner. The girls sang and laughed all the way, having the best time imaginable. Several daring and suitably clothed maidens rode sedately on the backs of the horses—who paid them absolutely no attention.

After a ride lasting an hour and a half, the foot of the mountain was reached, and then the fun began! Although from the school the "Calf" appears to be one smooth mountain, it is really a series of small hills, each one growing steeper and longer and higher and harder and more rocky. Therefore only about a dozen of the hardier spirits achieved the extreme tip of the left ear—the highest point. After they regained the power to breathe and had cooled off sufficiently, they decided that the climb had been worth while, very much worth while. Both the Valley of Virginia and the Piedmont Valley could be seen clearly, and the view was nothing short of marvelous. It is impossible to say how long they would have remained, had not Mr. Maxwell, who got up the picnic, stated that supper was probably waiting. In one twentieth of the time the ascent took, everyone had reached the wagons, where some fires were soon started.

Supper consisted of bacon and eggs and bread and cheese and apple butter and crackers and pickle and catsup—and nothing ever tasted so good!

The ride home was just as joyous as the ride out, but much cooler. Everyone sang and cheered Mr. Maxwell and the food and everything else cheerable, and fought over who should have the *tubs* first. It was an outing which won't be forgotten very soon.

THE CHOICE

"Red or black!"

The young girl's hands trembled as she tried to decide. Her skin was cold, moist, clammy, and her eyes were tightly closed as if to shut out a horrible vision.

"Red or black!"

Red, the color of blood, of death. Black, the color of oblivion, of empty eternity. She shuddered. Upon her choice seemed to hinge destiny itself.

"Red or black!"

She could not endure this strain much longer. She MUST choose.

So with palsied lips she told the woman to henna her black hair red.

She met him in September,
'Twas her first year at the school,
Oh, gosh, but she was homesick,
And afraid she'd break a rule.
To Waynesboro she chanced to go
To shop that afternoon,
And there this sad romance began,
To end about as soon.

In the drug store she was followed
By a handsome young cadet;
Into her hand he slipped a note
Saying, "Write me—don't forget."
She turned and saw a *Fishburne* lad,
And her sad heart filled with pride,
But a pair of eagle eyes met hers,
And the "chap" was by her side.

She clenched the note in grim despair,
Said to the clerk, not clear,
"I was a-wondering if you sell
Invisible hairpins here?"
He answered "yes," amused to see
How fussed she had become,
But when she said, "Let's see them, please,"
He thought her awfully dumb.

That night in irksome study hall
She didn't learn a thing,
But sat two hours and idly dreamed
What news the next day'd bring.
Their correspondence grew each week
Without the least exception.
All went quite well until one day
Miss "B" began inspection.

One Monday afternoon he called,
With special leave from Major,
He bet the boys he'd make the date,
But he didn't win the wager.
A disappointed lad was he,
For in vain he did insist
To see her just a little while,
But he wasn't on her list.

The following week he came again
To make another call.
Her deportment was so low that month
She was kept in study hall.
One night when all was very still,
She woke up quick to hear
Someone below her window say,
"Are you up there, my dear?"

She jumped up wide awake and saw
A uniform of gray;
She also heard a shot-gun fire,
And someone run away.
Before she realized it all,
The fatal deed was done,
And oh, what misery he had caused
With his hundred-year shot-gun.

Now, Mr. Maxwell, we do hope
You'll be careful as you can
Who and where you shoot next time,
And please don't kill a man.
This story is not exactly true,
It's just a mere day dream,
But lots of good will often come
From things not always seen.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Where all of Miss Raymond's scarfs and thumb tacks go?
Why the catalogue never shows the cream pitcher on the dining-room table?
Why Miss Saunders carries her key ring with her?
Who taught Lucille Heatley to wake up her room-mate?
If second-story climbers really wear tennis shoes?
Who sends Kay Crumley so many corsages?
What the B. F. of N. M. on the doors of room 120 and 122 mean?
When Kipling wrote "The Light That Failed," he must have had in mind the Basic Power Plant.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Anne Alexander without her curls?
Isabel West fat?
Betty Lloyd not giggling?
K. Crumley without long letters in green ink?
A. McGruder displaying Martin's picture?
Frances Fagan with her nose not white?
"Golf" not self-conscious?
Rosella Jones not thinking of Billy?
Emma Starr looking happy?
Mother Ferguson without enough work?
Aph and Helen Pryor with pale faces?
Miss Crawford looking serious?
Miss Van B. without her hair combed?
Lilla Carmichael not selling clothes?
"Tushy" Bishop being foiled?
Fran Richards not raving?
Lillian Lewellen without her "detachable" bang?
Miss Mitchell not sarcastic?
Mary Mustard not advertising Ivory Soap?
Miss Saunders with rouge?
Eleanor Le Fevre with a little mouth?
Mr. Maxwell with a date?
Miss Maxwell in swimming?
Vivian Lastinger six feet two?
Miriam Barclay without a smile?
Anne Campbell talking fast?
Gladys Knox not saying "Shug?"
Juanita Scharff being tamed?
Louise Irwin as a vamp?
Brownee without Peg?
Florence Fitzgerald being sad?
Ruth Andrews with six pairs of gloves?
E. Portman and M. Grove being congenial?
Florence Scofield being a clinging vine?
Christine McKenney moving a trunk?
E. Gibson flirting?
Grace Tucker crushing?

Martha Boyd "a little high?"
Florence Heinzleman losing her temper?
Elizabeth McKenney without curls?
Daisy Morgan without "Mascaro?"
Eleanor Walker with a *wave?*
Breakfast without apples?
Hattie Jeffries tall and slender?
Jean Kenney and Alice Stewart without the state spirit—"Hail to Pitt?"
Miss Maxwell's shorthand class in deep concentration?
The library with books?
Jo Hart not being infallible?
Georgia Lyons without the blush of youth?
Louise Graves as an Egyptian dancer?
Laura Page Steele not being peppy?
Peggy Tincher minus the "Baby Vamp" stuff?
Miss Baber being cross?
Laura Robertson talking like a telephone girl?
Julia Lee Orme staying home from church?
Betty Cummings not wanting to picnic?
Constance Hays with peroxide hair?
Mina Kirkman without Henry?
Miss Raymond playing Juliet on her balcony?
Alice Voke a poor dancer?
Janice Bazler in an untidy room?
Peg Ogle without a needle in her hand?
"Mid" Primm giving the mail out without comment?
Laura De Lamarter as a Japanese dancer?
Julia Bernard broke?
Julia Fargo being dependent?
Nell Shriver without her purple sweater?
Virginia Reed with a high voice?
Eleanor Wright being unpleasant?
Florence Fitzgerald being loud?
Ellen Lawrence dressed like a vamp?
Eloise Barclay losing her temper?
Margaret Thompson talking like a Yankee?
Maurine Gale with a harsh voice?
Kathleen George playing marbles?

Miss Batchelder killing someone with a blank cartridge?
Jeanette Beall running wild?
Lucille Heatley not getting a letter from June?
Lillie Woelpper wearing six B's?
Kitty Travis not wanting to swim?
Helen Schoene a Sunday School teacher?
"Frenchy" Galofian dancing on request?
Grace Stafford with one hundred in deportment?


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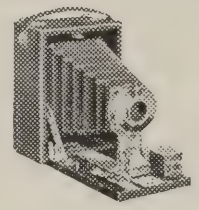
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